

POEMS AND LYRICS

BY

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AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND BALLADS," ETC.

A NEW EDITION.

> "Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
> My barmie noddle's working prime,
> My fancy yerkit up sublime,
> Wi' hasty summon;—
> Ha' ye a leisure moment's time
> To hear what's comin'?"
>
> BURNS.

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PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION

THE success which has attended the recent republication of the author's "Songs and Ballads," in the series of works of which the present forms a volume, and the meed of praise which has been awarded it by that portion of the press whose opinions, from their high standing in the periodical and newspaper literature of the day, are the most valuable, induces him again to seek their suffrages.

It is the belief of the author, that the little merit his works may possess will not be depreciated by being given to the public in a cheap and available form, and the large circulation of his "Songs and Ballads" strengthens him in this faith.

With respect to the "Poor Law Rhymes," considerable alterations and modifications have taken place in the law and the mode of carrying

it out since they were first published, but there is still much to be done for the amelioration of the humblest classes of the community. As metrical satires the "rhymes" may therefore have lost some of their force; the author still hopes they will not be uninteresting as

'Short and simple annals of the poor.'

Leamington, January 1815

CONTENTS.

POEMS

THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAM.

> "I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
> That which it veiled from waking thought."
>
> WORDSWORTH

I.—THE ITALIAN MOTHER.

"'Tis at the solemn hour of thought,
  When minds, which shun the world's dull sphere,
Have holy inspirations caught
  From midnight visions—dreamings, dear
To memory's consecrated hour,—
Communings with a higher power,
When the wrapt soul would penetrate
The workings of the hidden state.

"Oh night! thou givest harmonies
  That thrill within the human breast,
Like strange, but sweetest melodies,
  Breathed by the voices of the blest,
Deep thoughts, and deeper feelings lie
Beneath thy veil of mystery!"

Thus one, who from a lattice gazed
  Upon the starry vault above,
Gave speech to thought, his hands upraised,
  Yet humbly, as imbued with love
For Him, upon whose radiant throne
Those myriad stars refulgent shone:
Yet gazed he on those starry skies,
As he would read their mysteries,
Beyond what man may dare to hope.
The Orrery, the Astroscope.
To him were but familiar things;
More vague and wild imaginings
Busied his brain. Deep skilled was he
In many a mystic theory.
In magic lore he was a sage,
Though e'en a very boy in age.
He lived but in a world of thought,
With wild, uncertain dreamings fraught;
Books were to him—he loved them so—
  What were the friends of other men;
Nor knew he reason to forego
  Those of the mighty mind and pen.
The actual world he loved not,—he
Of the wild schools of Germany,
Had conned the wildest lore. The flower
That scents the gale at vesper hour;
The merry dance at eventide,
When night's soft shadows onward glide;
The peasant girl, with eyes of blue,
And the free-hearted peasant too;
The music of the mountain stream;
The day's first tints, that redly beam;
The merry dance, the festive board,

When the sparkling ruby tide is pour'd,
All were uncared for: he would dwell
Musing in his scholastic cell,
Dreaming his life away—yet once he knew
Something of life and feeling too.
This was his tale. My muse must wing
Backward her flight to his life's spring:
When fairy scenes, of fount and flowers,
Made up life's morn of rosy hours.

II.

Within an old baronial dwelling,
  Beneath whose time-enchanted walls
A deep, dark river, onward swelling,
  Rushed ever past those gloomy halls,
He dwelt; a lonely, artless child,
Amid the picturesque and wild.
Oft would he watch the rapid flood,
As on the embattled tower he stood.
A tale of blood those waters gave;
His heart lay buried in that wave.
But back, my muse, and gradual show
The influence of this early woe,
On him, whose fate it was to be
Linked but to scenes of mystery!

III.

His mother—would that pen could trace
The outlines of that radiant face!
The brightness of her own blue skies
Dwelt in the brilliance of her eyes;
Her home had been Italia's bowers,
The land of sunshine, smiles, and flowers.

IV.

Oh man! with what consummate art
He learns to play the traitor's part!
Mark with what skill the snare he lays
Then spurns the victim he betrays;
Ashamed to think, to look afraid
Upon the havoc he has made!
So Sylva, such the Italian's name,
A willing sacrifice became,
When, leaving that fair home and land,
To wander on a foreign strand,
A stranger's low and witching tone
Made music sweeter than her own:
He sighed, vowed, flattered, praised, and won -
She listened, loved—and was undone.
She fled with Stolberg from the bowers
Where she had passed her girlhood's hours.
Far from that land of bright romance
In cities, 'mid the fair and gay,
On Britain's shore—in merry France,
Where pleasure circled, there were they.
But, that dream ended, she awoke,
The spell was o'er, the charm was broke.
She must endure the parting hour;
Her heart—a blighted, broken flower.
For Stolberg never more may roam,
Wandering from his paternal home:
No, he must seek his native land;
Lord of her heart but not her hand.
A Baron now of high degree,
Must he return across the sea,
To claim his heritage, and reign
A despot in his new domain.

He coldly muttered, "We must part;"
Those withering words wreck'd mind and heart.
Had she been r ared in halls of pride,
She might have been a Baron's bride;
As 'twas, he left her, in a land
Far from her own wrong'd household band,
That home, whose joys she might not share,
She—the accursed one—no, not there!—
Then, not till then, did she awaken.
The past—to that she dared not look;
And, for the future—thus forsaken
By him for whom she *all* forsook,—
How sharp a pang that future gave,—
A broken heart—an early grave!

V.

One link—the firmest in love's chain—
Bound her to earth,—her infant son.
Her only prayer was, to remain
To watch o'er that devoted one,
Whose smiles of youth and beauty told
Of the sad memories of old.
Time passed and little Albert grew
Dearer—yet like his father too.
She never breathed that father's shame,
But taught him e'en to bless that name:
To her, it told of by-gone years,
Of unrequited love and tears.
Years passed away—no Stolberg came,
No spark of Love's extinguished flame
In him was e'er relit—he sent
No token that he might relent.

No missives brought her comfort now,
She of the aching heart and brow.

VI.

Slowly, beneath the weight of care,
Her cheek grew pale, her brow more fair,
Her eyes, that shone so brightly blue,
From languor gained a deeper hue;
Her slender form more fragile seem'd,
More pensive were the smiles that beam'd,
Like shadows, over that sweet face,
Through which there gleam'd consumption's hectic
trace.

VII.

It came at last—she knew that she must die;
And then the fire of her Italian blood
Burned in her veins, and sparkled in her eye;
And often, as the hapless mother stood
Gazing on that loved boy, has she been heard
To mutter vengeance:—cold neglect had stirred
The embers of past wrongs into a flame,
That glowed but to avenge her injured name.
I will not dwell upon the gloomy past
Of her sad story—from the stranger's door,
Towards which one look of gratitude she cast,
She turn'd. She left it to return no more,—
To pass o'er distant lands and ocean's foam,
Seeking, for that lone boy, his rightful home.
Yet Albert sigh'd to leave those pleasant hills,
And fair green fields,—they were his childhood's
home:
The murmuring of the bees, the gushing rills,
The daisied mead, o'er which he'd gaily roam.

To cull field flowers, in happy, sportive play,
Nor deem them then types of his life's young day.
His mother told him of the sunny lands,
The flow'rs that bloom'd beyond the western wave;
Of pearl-shells, scattered upon golden sands,
And all the wonders that creation gave:
But yet he clung to that sweet cottage scene,
Where his first, only, hours of bliss had been.

II.—THE BARON.

I.

It was not mirth that lit the flashing eye,
Nor joy that circled round the festive board,—
Though loud the laughter—though the feast ran high,
And bright the Tuscan juice the wine-cup pour'd,—
The welcome guests who quaff'd rich goblets there,
Drank to the dregs, as men to drown despair
Music was ready at the Bacchant's call,
Yet mirth was absent from that banquet hall,—
Soul-less it seemed, as each one there had known
No heart to soothe or harmonize his own,
Music and song, it seemed, had lost their power
To cheer, yet tranquillize, the festive hour,
For music maddened, and the ribald song
But added tumult to the joyless throng.
And he—the giver of that wine-feast, he—
Whose banners floated in the gilded hall,
The last of a long line, whose ancestry
Was proudly blazoned on that trophied wall—
With pallid cheek he pledged each noble there,
And strove to wake the mirth he could not share.
* * * * *

II.

The glittering lights that from the castle shone
Proclaimed the scene of revelry within,

Long after night her sable veil had thrown
  O'er Earth's fair face, as if a world of sin
Blushed for its crimes, and, 'neath night's sombre hue,
Reigned for a few brief hours to Nature true,
That it might be so, that at least one hour
  Of universal prayer, when mind is freed
From worldly vanities, and worldly power,
  Would contrite sinners to their Maker lead!—
To Him who is both Ruler of the night,
And the great Giver of the morning's light!
The last faint shadows of declining day
Still found the weary wanderers on their way—
They who had travelled far, o'er land and sea,
Companioned still by hopeless misery:
From day to day they pass'd, o'er wild and moor,
Till night brought shelter at the stranger's door,
Mother and son—there Heaven ordained them rest,
Oft they the Cotter's lowly pillow press'd;—
For them some honest peasant turned aside,
With kindly zeal to solace, help, and guide.
Thus wearily pass'd many a month away,
Till, through the shades of the descending day,
A home-returning woodman points the towers,—
The long-sought, dreaded, goal of toilsome hours.
Nearer they come, yet Sylva trembles now;
With pale hand press'd upon her burning brow,
She stands irresolute—twixt love and fear.
To her the visions of past hours appear;
E'en *now*—so hope still lingers to the last—
For one kind word would she forgive the past.
But hark! that revel laugh—that minstrel strain—
She hears, the injured Mother lives again!
She passed the castle gate, a faithful few

Of Stolberg's vassals, 'mong that sturdy crew,
Had serv'd him, when the fair one by his side
Their willing duties claimed, as Stolberg's bride,
Each with bewildered senses humbly stand.
They thought her buried in a foreign land.
She passes unmolested through the throng,
And gains the hall of revelry and song.

III.

"A pledge—a pledge!"—each fill'd the goblet high,
Shouting obedient to the Bacchant cry
Of him who gave, with manly voice and air—
"The forms we love, the trusting, absent fair!"
Each breath'd some cherish'd name, then kiss'd the cup,
Save Stolberg—as they raised the goblet up;
His guests, they greet him with a bitter laugh;
The forms they love, in sparkling wine they quaff.
"Hold!" cried the Baron—"brother Bacchants, shame!
Nor deem that I can breathe no loved one's name.
Though little skilled in aught, save war's alarms;
I too, have revelled in a wanton's arms;
A wild Italian played the tempter's part,
And thaw'd the icy nature of my heart;
And, for the memory of her witching powers,
I'll pledge the idol of those vanished hours."

He grasped the cup—he rose him in his chair,
Yet, ere he spoke, a low voice said "Beware!
Proud Baron pause—she was no wanton maid,
She, you have slandered, ruined, and betrayed.
Fiend!—less than human—will thy poisonous breath
Spare not thy victim, doomed to all—but death;

Is 't not enough the cup of grief is poured—
That it becomes the sport of banquet-board?
Hath honour fled for aye her ruined shrine,
To be a word men scoff at in their wine?"
Up start the guests, with looks of wild surprise,
Doubt on their brows, and wonder in their eyes;
The Baron's pallid cheek yet paler grew,
His red lips changing to a livid hue;
That voice half recognised, though long forgot,
Hath bound him, trembling, nerveless, to the spot;
The cup. for that false pledge filled brimming o'er,
Untasted falls to the now silent floor.

So guilt, surrounded by a thousand swords,
Bares its foul breast to e'en a woman's words;
Vain the resolve that seeks to lull to rest
The pangs that rend the sin-polluted breast;
Avenging conscience reigns supreme, to tell—
Man's evil mind creates his darkest hell.
With hurried glance the Baron looks around,
He strives to laugh—a shallow empty sound;
"Ho! call my vassals—take yon babbler hence,
Be calm. my friends, this is some vile pretence;
Some maniac wanderer, in her wild career,
My slaves shall answer her admittance here;
Let music sound, ho, minstrels! wake the strain;
Be ours the jocund, joyous hours again!"

The trembling vassals seized th' intrusive twain,
To lead them from the banquet hall again
But Sylva vainly struggles to be free,
The trembling Albert clinging to her knee:

"Ah, bind me not—in pity—mercy—stay
One moment, ere ye drag me thus away;
Nay, Baron, be your loudest music stirred;
A mother's voice is nature's—'twill be heard.
Unhand me!—hence!—thy lord shall hear me first,
Ere my pent heart, o'ercharged with passion, burst.

He who has felt that bitterness of soul,
That prompts to all past reason's safe control,—
May know how Sylva felt—may haply glean
Some faint, dim shadowing, of that thrilling scene.

"Hear me, proud Baron, and each wondering guest,
If you can feel for innocence oppress'd!
I charge ye speak not,—you have breathed a name,
Till linked with thine, untarnished e'er by shame.
Yes—I am Sylva—wanton—what you will,
But, Heaven is witness, a true mother still!
Not for myself I left the stranger's shore,—
Scorn, cold neglect, e'en pity too, I bore;
Not for myself: I know that I must die;
Life without honour were not worth a sigh!
Not for myself I left that tranquil spot—
(Than thus remember'd, would it were forgot,)
Not for myself, but for my boy, I come,
To crave your shelter, and demand a home.
On me—an outcast—death already lowers;
But, for the memory of those vaunted powers,
When love—for I loved—gladdened by-gone hours,
Take to thine arms this boy. The world may blame,
He hath no birthright save the road to fame.
Bid him bear any name—but breathe not mine;
Though mine the fault—be retribution thine."

Few words could Stolberg utter in his rage :
A captive lion foaming in his cage,
The prey within his sight, the bars between—
So stood the Baron in that banquet scene.
"What! am I bearded in my father's halls,—
My vassals dumb as the surrounding walls?
Thus by a woman rudely, harshly schooled,
Where I alone—and I, supremely—ruled?
Break up the banquet, bear them to the tower!"
The stricken doves fall to the vulture's power.

IV.

Long tarried Stolberg when his guests were gone;
With hurried step he paced his halls alone;
The waves of passion heaved within his breast,
As sudden storms o'erwhelm the seaman's rest.
At length, resolved, he sought the captive's tower:
The gloaming grey proclaimed day's breaking hour;
So deep his lengthened reverie had been,
Nor night, nor morn, nor paling stars he'd seen.

Uprose the captive from her couch of stone,
Where Albert slept, as on a bed of down;
For youth and innocence will find repose
Amid the dangers of a world of foes.
Each gazed upon the other's pallid cheek—
As one disdained, the other feared, to speak;
"Sylva," for Stolberg first the silence broke,
His deep voice faltering as he sternly spoke,—
"Sylva, I ask not pardon for the past,
If you have loved too fondly to the last,
'Twas worse than madness, for I left you free:
What we have been we never more may be.

The might of ancestry—wealth—power, are mine—
A Baron's birthright: pause, and think on thine.
Our rank, our creeds, and fortunes were apart—
Thou scarce could'st hope my hand as well as heart.
Had I been peasant born—that I had been!—
I would have owned thee for my bosom's queen;
The wild infatuation I have known
Had sobered into love for thee alone.
But,'t was a spell, a dream, from which I broke,
That beauty 'gendered, and that pride awoke.
Now, Sylva, hear me. Ere the morning ray
Has chas'd the twilight from these towers away,
A willing vassal waits but my command
To bear thee swiftly to a distant land.
Wealth I'll bestow, thou still may'st happy live;
But home, to thee or thine, I may not give!"

"Home—do I ask it?—could thy grandeur save
My sinking frame from its untimely grave?
Home—could I find it in these gloomy towers,
Nor sigh again for fair Italia's bowers?
Lost—lost for ever—kindred—country dear!
Left I not these, for thee, without a tear?—
All that was dear to womanhood—resign,
Abjure my home, and seek alone for thine?
Yes, call it passion, madness, what thou wilt,
With me, at least, it had no shade of guilt.
You wooed me not with vassals in your train,
Spoke of no ancestors, no rich domain,
Asked not my creed, while love's impassioned voice
Breathed chords that made my truant heart rejoice:
So rashly, fatally, love played its part
On a too yielding, trusting, woman's heart.

I deemed thee true—was blessed, was happy, then,
Unconscious of the traitor wiles of men;
What I have proved thee—ask thy guilty heart,
If to thyself thou canst thy guilt impart,
Nor from thine own dark retrospections start.
But, for my boy, I ask not at thy hands
Share of thy coffers, portion of thy lands,
Though, save the vow before God's holy shrine,
As heaven bear witness, he is truly thine!
Thy blood, if noble, circles in his veins,
Thy guilt, not mine, alone his birthright stains;—
Then grant him home, till his too feeble arms
Are nerved, to combat with the world's alarms.
Thou'lt not forego a mother's latest breath—
For me, an outcast, what is there but death?
I vowed to leave him in thy castle gate;—
A few more days and all had been too late!
Tell me thou'lt not this guiltless child disown,
But to thyself—and I'll depart alone;
Nor vain reproaches shall assail thee more,
When this last, fatal, interview is o'er."

The mother, gazing on her sleeping child,
Wept o'er the features that unconscious smiled;
The deep emotion of the Baron proved
The stubborn nature of his heart was moved:
"Yes, for that boy, will I my rage forego;
But thou, his mother, he no more may know:
Brief be your parting—haste, or I relent
The sudden folly of this weak intent."
"Farewell, my boy." The sleeping Albert woke,
Thick fell the mother's tear-drops as he spoke.

"Oh mother, leave me not! kind mother dear,
Who is that man?—Those frowns, these walls, I fear!"
Closer the mother clasps him to her breast;
Her burning kisses on his forehead press'd;
She marked the Baron's too impatient tread,
And to his knees the weeping Albert led.
"My boy, farewell! Though we for ever part,
Here thou'lt find one to act a father's part."
"Away!" he cried—"not e'en to him reveal
A thought, a breath, of that I would conceal.
Back to thine own fair Italy—alone—
To any land where Stolberg is unknown.
I would not darken thy too gloomy fate;—
These gems thy sorrows may alleviate."
He gave the gems, and pointed to the door.
She flung the gift indignant on the floor.
"I sold not virtue—seek not gold, to save,
Or snatch, a few brief hours from sorrow's grave.
Take back thy gems—yet, in my last adieu,
I curse thee not—my gentle boy, for you!
A mother's blessing rest upon thy head!"
Speechless she gazed a minute—then she fled.
"Mother, come back!" the shrieking Albert cried,
But Stolberg held him firmly by his side.

The door through which the frenzied Sylva went
Led from the chamber to the battlement,
Which all must traverse when they enter there,
Ere foot may stand on the descending stair.
It was a fearful thing that wall to trace,
The gushing waters foaming at its base.
Yet Sylva paused, as she would look upon
A world whose joys to her were lost and gone.

Stolberg, with Albert trembling in his hand,
Passes the door—they on the rampart stand—
A falling figure totters on the brink,
It sinks—aghast the twain affrighted shrink,
A shriek—a plash—'twas all too late to save;—
The child of sorrow sank into the wave.

III.—THE STUDENT.

'Twas told, on the succeeding day,
The weird-woman had stol'n away,
Nor left a sign by which to trace
How she had left her dwelling place.
Her tale, a subterfuge, to gain
Her child a home on the domain.
So Stolberg gave the rumour out
To those who little cared to doubt;
The blind dependants of a lord
School'd to obey—test not his word;
But live, debased among their kind,
Enslaved, in body and in mind!
Among the guests, some doubted still,
Who were not slaves to Stolberg's will;
But e'en to these, when time passed by,
It was a buried memory;
A dim, dull, half forgotten dream,
Whose shadowings did but faintly beam.
'Tis true, a month was scarcely o'er,
When strangers found upon the shore
A lifeless shape—none knew the face,
None came that pulseless form to trace.

They laid it in a peaceful grave,
And deem'd some wreck upon the wave,
Some distant storm upon the deep,
Gave back the dead it could not keep.
So Sylva shared the common lot,
By all she'd loved, save one, forgot;
That one—her lonely guileless child,
Who since that hour had never smiled.
For hours he'd watch the weltering wave—
He knew it was his mother's grave;
And oft would fix his full blue eye
Upon the spot despondingly,
Till fancy, in his busy brain,
Gave him his mother's form again!

II.

There was not one, among them all
That dwelt within that castle wall,
Who loved not Albert, when, a child,
He listened to their legends wild.
With greedy ear he bent his head
To those strange stories of the dead;
Of sprites that walk the midnight earth,
But yet are not of mortal birth;
Of headless hunters, riding on,
Both man and horse a skeleton;
Of doom'd ones, who can never die,
Through long dread years of misery,—
Of magic bullets, and haunted glen,
Of evil spirits, and charmed men;
Of Vampires, who may quit the grave,
To suck the blood of the young and brave;

Of fiends with powers beyond control,
To tempt a man to pawn his soul;
Of imps which, by magicians' skill,
Are made t' obey a mortal's will;
Of fairies and their silent dells,
Ghosts, witches, wraiths, and mystic spells.
All that could lead from earth's dull sphere
Were to his senses ever dear.
No wonder then his early years
Engendered superstitious fears;
Without restraint he roved at will,
But yet his heart was lonely still.
Among the vassals of the place,
He seldom saw the baron's face;
Twice only since the fatal hour
When dragged from that lone dungeon tower,
Had Albert met him—then his breast,
Before with sullen gloom oppressed,
In wild tumultuous throbbings beat,
Yet feared he not his foe to meet.
His bright eye told—his bosom's ire
Inherited his mother's fire,
Yet when those interviews were o'er
The same strange lethargy he wore.

III.

One friend had Albert 'mong the train
Who lived and served on the domain,
An ancient follower of his race,
Whose silvery locks and wrinkled face
Proclaimed that, with a wintry brow
The sap of life had left the bough.

For three-score years his office there
Had been to read the household prayer;
And yet, apart from all he dwelt
Who with him in that chapel knelt;
And some have felt, and said, in sooth,
They doubted of his faith and truth:
As though the prayers—they so believed—
Would scarce be from his lips received,
So fervourless—so sternly cold,
By him those awful prayers were told.
His lonely lamp was seen at night
To shed its solitary light,
And oft-times from his noiseless room,
Had issued forth a strange perfume
Of burning herbs—supposed to be
Used in some secret alchymy,
Or mystic rite, to those unknown
Who preach the word of faith alone.
But yet, as 't was the Baron's will,
That old man was their chaplain still;
'T was said, that to his breast alone
The secrets of his lord were known,
For Stolberg, at an early age
Had gained instruction from the sage,
Whose master-mind, e'en then, did glow,
With knowledge few thus early know;
The records of a by-gone race,
With curious care he'd learn to trace
Till deeds, which time had hid from man,
He, with familiar eye, could scan;
So great his knowledge was it seemed
The light of ages round him beamed

It might be, Stolberg felt at last,
Some pangs of conscience for the past—
That kindness to the son might smother
In part his falsehood to the mother.
For Stolberg bade that trusty friend
The youthful Albert's steps attend,
And skilfully his mind prepare,
As if he were indeed his heir.
This Albert never knew nor felt,
He scarce remembered why he dwelt
Among those lofty walls and towers,—
So time o'ershadows our earlier hours,
He only knew that in the tide,
That washed their base, his mother died
'Twas pleasant for that rare old man,
His pupil's rapid course to scan,
Into the realms of science, never
Hoped he so apt a mind to bear
So quickly passed the hours away,
He scarcely marked each passing day
Drinking deep draughts from learning's fount,
His spirit soaring where few minds may mount

* * * * *

IV

Now pass we to a later stage
Of Albert's earthly pilgrimage
The boy has passed his nonage now,—
Mark ye that pale and thoughtful brow,
How many furrows you may trace,
And yet it is a youthful face!

Not two-and-twenty times the earth .
Has hailed the summer since his birth.
And this is learning's choicest garb?
Its shaft a bright but poisoned barb.
None were more deeply skilled than he,
Through all the states of Germany!
Far—among legions—spread his fame,
E'en Science' self revered his name,
Though absent. In the midst of men
The mighty magic of his pen
Made him the guest of youth and sage,
The ruling spirit of the age!

V.

And where was Stolberg?—did he share
The general plaudits of his heir?
Did he, in secret, bless the name
Thus blazoned on the scroll of fame?
No! the proud chief had passed away,
With none to mourn his lifeless clay;
Upon the gory battle-field
His pride could not protect his shield;
For war's destructive, ruthless hand,
Had spread its influence o'er the land;
The Danish Raven had been there,
Leaving all desolate and bare!
The vassals in the Baron's train
Dispersed or numbered with the slain!
His trophies—other victors show,
His treasures—pillaged by the foe:
The wreck of his paternal halls—
But ruin'd tow'rs and shattered walls:

So sad a change a few brief years
Maketh in human hopes and fears!

Chamiso, Albert's earliest friend,
He too had dwindled to the end
Of life's allotted term of years
Oh! thickly fell young Albert's tears!
The only being he lov'd was gone—
Again he felt and stood—alone!

VI

How many sought and strove in vain
The youthful student's heart to gain
But none were known his form to see
Beyond his college boundary
He did not seek the meed of fame
That halo like, enshrined his name,
Unconscious of his power—alone,
The world of dreams was all his own
'Tis true he plied the ready pen
In learned treatises for men
But the deep musings of his brain
He dared not to impart again
'Twas strange, a mind so skill'd should be
Warp'd to believe in sorcery!—
Yet Albert almost since his birth,
Believed that spirits walked the earth
His mother's creed he might not share,—
She died ere he could breathe a prayer,
And oft the priest would say he knew
Her creed had been a false one too
Chamiso, he with mischief rife,
Had been a doubter all his life

And Albert soon a sceptic grew,
Believing all he should not do.
Faith, was a term he would deride,
Save that upon the darkest side;
He thought, to man a power was given
Which was the attribute of Heaven.
Thus, silently, from day to day,
He dreamed a useless life away

VII.

Oh, Faith—thou spring of life! the well
Within whose living waters dwell
The sources that alone can bless,
And lead to realms of happiness!
Ne'er let me dash the cup aside
All hallow'd by the crystal tide!
Ne'er let me seek to analyze
The mystery that in thee lies!
Enough for me, thy waters flow,—
A fount of good to all below;—
Enough for me, to see the spring
Its sweetest flowers around us fling;
Enough—at summer's glorious noon,
To bless the Giver of the boon,
That filleth Nature's bounteous horn
With ripening fields of yellow corn!
Enough—when Autumn bends the trees,
With fruits whose fragrance fills the breeze—
Or when bleak Winter's breath has bound
In icy chains the streams around,—
To feel that, while I pace the sod,
These spring but from one living God;
Nor seek that lesson to forego
Which telleth—"Thus much ye may know!"

IV.—THE DREAMER.

I.

And now, my Muse must seek again
The hero of this lengthened strain;
Albert—who, gazing on the skies,
She left, with rapt and straining eyes.

He turn'd, and left the window-sill,
To work again some magic spell,
With eager eye he watch'd the flame,
But no obedient spirit came.
"Yes," said the scholar—"it must be,
I 'm doom'd to solve this mystery;
If spirits have to mortals hied,
Why is the gift to be denied?
I know the potent powers that still,
In dreams, obey the dreamer's will:
Then, if not waking, in my sleep
Will I with these my vigils keep.
I would know more of Nature's laws.
The powers, the workings, and the cause,
Oh!, that these were to me revealed,
That are from mortal still concealed!
Yes! with this spell will I essay,
I call ye, spirits, to obey."

Once more the visionary came
And kindled the expiring flame;
Strange herbs he burned, and stranger still
The words pronounced to work his will.
The thick fumes circled round the room,
Obscuring it in darkest gloom;
Till senseless in his chair he slept,
As if of reason's power bereft.

II.

In after years, the student told,
When calling back the scenes of old,
The progress of that dream, to those
To whom he might his thoughts disclose.
The student's cap is thrown aside;
Children are clinging to his side;
And friends are seated round the board
A hospitable host has stored;
His brow is placid and serene,
How marvellous a change hath been:
And now is every listener's breath
Hushed to the stillness of death,
He speaks, an oracle of truth,
And this his dream of faith and ruth:—

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

' A thousand powers keep religious state
In water, fiery realm, and aery bourne;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,
Hold sphery sessions."

KEATS

" A DREAM—it was a pleasant dream
That steeped my senses while I slept;
From early eve to morning's beam,
Its influence o'er my vision crept,
Sealing mine eyes, to ope my soul
To visions of another world,
While life, and thought, and self-control
Seemed all to dark oblivion hurled.

" I rose, methought, a thing of light,
An incorporeal aëry sprite,
A shadow, and yet conscious where
My light form rested on the air:
A thing unseen, yet seeing all,
Unfelt, yet feeling every thrall
That binds within the human breast,
The joys elate, the hopes depressed.

"I gazed; the thick clouds rolled away,
A scene of light,
More lovely than the loveliest day,
With sun bedight,
Burst on my view; and golden cars
Of curious structure, gem'd with stars,
Rode on the wind, and seated there
The spirits of the Destinies were;
The Earth, the Air, the boundless Flood,
The Fire-King in his car of blood;
The gentler spirits, who preside
O'er southern breeze and fountain side;
The Muses, and the powers of love,
And Hope, that always points above.
These came, and went, and disappeared,
Or onward on their mission steered;
Yet paused awhile, ere they should go
To rule again the world below.
'Twas silent all—a form arose,
A fair young form, of fairy birth,
Much marvelled I, she should disclose—
So young—the Spirit of the Earth;
With voice more soft than bee or bird
The murmurings of her song I heard:—

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF EARTH.

"'I am young, though the ages
They number me now,
Have planted the wrinkles
On many a brow;

And, though thousands of springs
On their children may shine,
Oh! who shall discover
A wrinkle on mine?

II.

"'I am young, as the flowerets
That bloom on my breast,
As the daisies that spangle
My emerald vest;
And who, though the seasons
Roll rapidly by,
Can say that my beauties
Shall wither and die?

III.

"'The youngest of earth
Join their sires in the grave;
And I see o'er the oldest
The willow trees wave;
Yet their lives are to me
But a part of a day;
For others are left me
As joyous as they

IV.

"'The shock of the earthquake,
The storm of the sea,
May rage for a season,
As threatening me,

They prove but an impulse
  That ruffles my breast,
And that gives to existence
  A passion—a zest.

V.

"I am young—not to eyes
  With which mortal may view;
So think not, vain man,
  I'm but spring-time to you,
For still I as young
  Shall to others remain,
Till the world shall dissolve
  Into chaos again.'

"She ceased—I listened, but in vain,
To catch the low, wild song again;
I turned towards the vision there:
The form had melted into air.
I seemed to muse—ah! could they tell
How vainly lesser mortals dwell!
Would anger, fear, and passion, pride,
All holier feelings cast aside,
Would life be wasted, like the breath
That asks the fame it finds in death?

"And then I felt the spell would break,
And I again to earth should wake;
Half waking, yet half sleeping till
My unquiet mind grew calm and still;
And then again my senses were
Amid those visions bright and fair.

"And now a spirit seemed to glide
Before that strange, wild, elfin crew,
With fragile wings her form beside,
Transparent, yet of pearly hue.
No gossamer was e'er so light;
No lark e'er soared with wing so bright;
She came unseen, unseen she went,
To mingle with her element.
The Spirit of the Air was she,
And thus she sung her mystery:—

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF AIR.

I.

"'All space I inhabit,
I'm every where,
Where the dark forest grows
Where the desert is bare;
And, though earth boast her powers,
Whate'er they may be,
There are worlds that are greater,
Encompassed by me!

II.

"'The breezes that blow
Are a part of my train.
And the winds I send forth,
Through my boundless domain;
The peak of the mountain,
The depths of the vale,
I lull to repose,
Or I wake with the gale!

III.

" 'I'm the voice of the storm,
I'm the breath of the flowers,
On the bleak, barren shores,
'Mid the vine-covered bowers;
There is nought in creation
To know or to see,
But its very existence
Is portion of me.

IV.

' 'I'm the queen of the elements,
Reigning supreme,
And the stars of my chambers
By mortals are seen.
I am felt, but not seen,
On my magical throne;
And my power omnipotent
None can disown.

" She ceased—oh! that I more had known,
Ere that bright sylphid form had flown!
Or that I had but winged my flight,
With her among those regions bright!
I tried—Oh, how in vain, to speak,
My tongue was tied, my nerves were weak;
And, as she moved her fragile wand,
And seem'd to wave her thin white hand,
I tried to clasp that hand so fair,
I grasped, but clutched the empty air,
And saw nor hand, nor vison there.

"The spirit vanished, and the shade
That gloom'd the scene, her absence made;
And then anon, those regions through,
A deeper tint, a darker hue,
O'erspread those fairy realms of light,
And hid the vision from my sight.

But suddenly a lurid flame,
That like a distant planet came,
Burst on my view, then nearer still—
The skies with fire it seemed to fill.
And yet, I had the power to gaze
Unscathed upon its scorching rays;
To mark the bright, the burning car,
That bore the Fire-King from afar.
The wheels were meteors, burning bright,
The reins were sparkling streaks of light;
They guided scorpions, breathing fire,
That onward fly, but never tire.
He sped them on with lightning' flashes
His car rolled on with thunder crashes,
While, from behind his fiery track,
The Fire-King's song was echoed back:

THE SONG OF THE FIRE-KING.

I.

" 'Over the dwellings of mortals I roam,
And I spread desolation round many a home;
I rise in a spark, or I burst in a flame,
And all wonder, whence the old Fire-King came.

But most do I count the Incendiary's brand;
That I 've planted in many a desperate hand;
And, though mortals endeavour my power to kill,
Yet man is the slave of my passion and will.

II.

" 'Proud cities have shrunk in my powerful hold,
Till they only exist as a tale that is told.
The work of an age—I have wrecked in a night;—
And loud laughed the fiend at the glorious sight;
Loud hissed the waters, but brighter burnt I,
As my ruddy complexion illumined the sky.
Oh! a carnival rare is the one that I trace,
When a proud city falls in my mighty embrace.

III.

" 'I dwell in the battle; and mortal again
Is the veriest subject that serves in my train;
With foe meeting foe in the heat of the fight,
Oh! then how I glitter and glow with delight!
Both armies are burning and blazing for me,
Dyeing the field with the blood of the free:
But vain is the glory they hope to divide,
For again, by my power, all—all must be tried.

IV.

" 'On I shall roll till the world has an end,
When all to my withering power must bend:
For to man 'tis revealed—let him pause on the doom—
That the flames must consume both the tower and the
tomb.

Let him count the brief hours, or the lingering year,
'Tis vain to conjecture when I shall appear.
For nor season nor time unto mortal is known,
When the Fire-King shall claim a lost world for his
own.'

"Again the vision changed; the scene
Was an expansive coral cave,
Where pearls and scattered shells were seen,
The sport of many an ocean wave!
The seas above me seemed to roll,
Methought I heard the surges o'er—
As music falls upon the soul
When heard at eve from distant shore—
So soft, so tranquil, and so clear,
The distant waters met mine ear.

"The countless treasures of the deep
Before me lay, I turned to weep;
I turned to weep, though cups of gold—
Whose antique shapes strange stories told—
With many an ancient gem were there,
That glittered once on bosoms fair;
I turned to weep, for they told to me
Of ships that had long gone down at sea,
Of forms for whom trusting hearts had yearned;—
Of forms that departed and never returned!
I gazed upon many a diamond bright,
And on one that gleamed with a strange wild light,
It shone in a thing else dim and dull,
For it blazed in a bleached and ghastly skull.

The sea-weeds hung from the cavern sides,
And flourished and grew in the flowing tides;
Where wrecks of the earth, and shapes of the sea,
Were mingled together wonderfully.
The wrecks of five thousand years or more,
From every clime and from every shore;
Oh! a strange wild scene was that coral cave
'Twas the Sea-King's hall, 'neath the giant wave.

"I heard the breakers above me roar,
And the sound of the waters rushing o'er;
Nearer they came with a gushing sound,
Till they shivered the coral rocks around;
And I suddenly saw a mystic form,
Ride on the billows and rule the storm;
'Twas the hoary old Sea-King, borne in his car,
Returned to his hall from the waters afar.
Swift, as the wind o'er the billowy main,
He came with the sea-sprites that swam in his train,
There were Naiads and water Nymphs, lovely and fair,
And Mermaids combing their shining hair;
The Dolphin, the Whale, with his ponderous sweep,
And the tribes that inhabit the boundless deep;
Over the rocks with the waters they came,
That glistened and gleamed like a lambent flame,
Hiding the coral rocks from my view,
And illuming the scene with sepulchral hue,
While around and above, in the midnight air,
The shapes of my earlier dreamings were:
They had followed the track unfelt, unseen,—
They had flown with *my* spirit from scene to scene,
And they hovered above, while the old Sea-King
With his boisterous mirth did shout and sing:

THE SEA KING'S-SONG.

I.

"'I am free! I am free! I am King of the Sea!
And where is the monarch who's greater than me?
Count the coffered gems of the Kings of the Earth
Compared with my treasures—ah, what is their worth?
The wrecks that are scattered about in the deep
Are the levies I make, and the tribute I keep,
In the storms they are gathered—what monarch like me?
Oh 'tis useless to war with the King of the Sea!'

CHORUS OF WATER SPRITES.

"'We are free! we are free!
In the depths of the sea
We are free!'

II.

"'I am King of the Sea! I am King of the Sea!
The rivers that flow pour their waters for me;
Oh! great are the rivers—by them I can trace
The kingdoms I hold in my mighty embrace;
They're forgotten—the forms that in tempest I've slain,
Proud ships they send forth to my billows again,
What monarch on Earth can boast subjects like me,
So faithful as those of the King of the Sea?

CHORUS.

"'We are free! we are free!
With the King of the Sea
We are free!'

III.

"'I am King of the Sea! I am King of the Sea!
In my boundless dominions what grandeur must be,
When I'm tranquilly sleeping—my billows at rest,
With the wealth of a world gliding over my breast;
Or when wildly awaking, I revel and leap
In the pride and the might of the king of the deep,
In calm, or in storm, are there regions can be
So great as the realms of the King of the Sea?

CHORUS.

"'We are free! we are free!
In our homes of the sea,
We are free!'

IV.

"'I am free! I am free! I am King of the Sea.
And where is the monarch so fearful as me?
I sink in the whirlpool, unfathomed by man,
And I rise in the clouds, whence no mortal may scan;
I bask 'neath the fire of rich India's sky,
And I freeze where my icebergs float fearfully high;
Loud thunder's the music that's booming for me,
How glorious the reign of the King of the Sea!'

CHORUS.

"'We are free, we are free!
In the realms of the sea,
We are free!'

"The vision changed—it passed away,
Like a flash of light to the realms of day;
Or like a thought, that, ere 'tis spoken,
Is scattered to the winds and broken.
Earth, air, fire, flood, no more were seen,
As though the vision had never been;
But spirits unseen in the ether were,
And I still heard the sounds of their wild songs there.

"It seem'd to me those songs were given,
Those seraph strains half earth—half heaven;
And I felt above man's earthly sphere,
And no more akin to the dull clay here.
And thus the voices, in accents sweet,
With tuneful strains did my senses greet:

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

A mortal has enter'd the regions of air,
He has sought to encounter the destinies there,
Deep—down on the earth
Lies the frame of the dreamer, like death on a bier,
Breathless and still, for its spirit is here
Where the passions have birth.
He has heard the elements' loud thunder,
And the powers that rule the wide waves under;
He has view'd the earth in her bridal dress;
He has felt his own land's nothingness;
He has seen how man is the sport of fate,
And the certain doom that his steps await;
By fire and flood—on earth—in air—
Death—Death is present ev'ry where;—
Wherever man is, death is there.

The chorus ceased, in echoes soft it died,
And thus a clear voice to its strains replied:

SINGLE VOICE.

Let the Mysteries arise,
Let them pass before his eyes;
He has seen the greater powers,
And the lesser spells are ours
Let him know how, without ending,
Man is with his fate contending.
Hither hie—your task is done—
Even ere the golden sun
His flood of radiance hath released
From the chambers of the East.
Mortal—ere the night hath flown
Thou our power supreme shalt own;
See Ambition rises first,
By Pride and Vain Desire nursed;
Then come Hope and Fear and Pain;—
  Revenge, Remorse, Guilt, Shame, and Joy,
With Grief and Pleasure, fill the train,
  And Love, that bright-wing'd archer boy!
All these various powers and fancies
Man's unquiet still enhances.
Mortal know that, without ending,
Man is with the Fates contending;
Now the Mysteries arise,
Now they pass before his eyes.

The shapes appeared—and, as they went,
Their presence filled the firmament;

And still, by strange emotions stirred,
Their many mysteries I heard;
'Twas thus Ambition sung his lay,
'Mong those who held immortal sway.

THE SONG OF AMBITION.

I.

"'Who owns not my sway, or who passes my shrine,
What passion or power but 's subservient to mine!
E'en kings bow before me—the mighty of Earth
Their regal array to Ambition owe birth.
What hearts do I sever,
What friendships part ever!

II.

"'Oh, seekers of science—ye hiders of truth—
'Mid the lore of the sages, the learning of youth,
Did ye pant not for glory, nor bow to my shrine,
How little of such happy dreamers were thine!
What joys have ye tasted!
What forms have I wasted!

III.

Childless and fatherless—houseless—alone;—
For each and for all do I often atone,
No height is too lofty—no chasm too deep
For the sons of Ambition to scale or to leap.
What minds have I counted!
What eagle-hearts mounted!'

"Then, the many-voiced strain
In mellow chorus sung again:

'Hear, oh dweller of the Earth,
Thus we rule thee from thy birth
Vainly with our powers contending,
To our shapes your minds we're bending.
Now hear Pride—whose glittering pinion
Speaks his powerful dominion.'

THE SONG OF PRIDE.

I.

"'I hold my court in the halls of kings,
And I reign in the hearts of the meanest things;
I build my fanes till they reach the skies,
And I raise high tombs when a rich man dies;
Where I set my seal can man withhold
Aught that is purchased by blood or by gold?
In my headlong career,
How supreme I appear;
Men bow to my nod,
As they kneel to a God.

II.

"'Pride in a palace is counted no sin,
Where minds are diseased, and hearts hollow within
But pride, in the blood-frozen homes of the poor—
Oh! those are the scenes that I love to endure!
Oh, rare are the tortures—the struggles to hide
The poverty hid 'neath the mantle of pride!

What mortals adore me,
What minds fall before me,
Hear me, thou dreamer,
Dull thinker! vain schemer!'

"Next came a seraph voice that stole
Like heavenly music on my soul;
And a sweet shape, though wan and wasted,
As though she much of grief had tasted.
The vision filled—her pensive eyes
Looked ever upwards to the skies.
She sat upon a cloud of silvery white,
Girt by a rainbow, beautifully bright,
Of ev'ry beauteous shade and lovely hue,
Alternately that ark of promise grew;
I could have gazed my very life away,
While listening to Hope's pensive roundelay.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I.

"'I dwell amid the beautiful,
My home is with the young,
Where, round the timid steps of youth,
Bright fairy flowers I've flung;
I whisper in the earliest dreams,
Of the innocent and gay,
But I tell of flowers that never bloom,
And of joys that melt away;
And many a ruined cell 'mid herbage green,
Tells sadly now where love and hope have been.

II.

"'I fill with joy the halcyon hours
Of life, when life is spring,
Till youth's gay prime, like hope's fair flowers
Lies senseless—withering.
A phantom 'mid the haunts of men,
A bright but distant star,
A light that lures, but never leads
To its promised bliss afar;—
Still shining on, I shed a pleasant ray,
To tempt young pilgrims through life's thorny way.'

"More than stretched memory can retain
Crowded upon my busy brain.
Pleasure and grief, and pain and fear,
Each told of its peculiar sphere,
More than my dream gives record here.

'But, 'mong the rest, my memory clings
To one of the most ill-shaped things,
Which hovered round me. 'Twas a shape
E'en fiends themselves might wish to 'scape;
More hideous form I never knew,
Nor mind conceived, nor pencil drew.
All venomed reptiles round him hung,
A living adder seemed his tongue,
His thin and yellow fingers holding
Two serpents, thus his arms enfolding;
And, 'mid his grey and clotted hair,
Black toads and spotted lizards were:—
'Revenge am I!' the hideous spectre cries,
'Hear ye the subtlest of the Destinies.'

THE SONG OF REVENGE.

I.

"'Softly I creep to the hearts of men
Like a silent and guilty thing;
And I strive, and I thrive, when the world's dull ken
Is hid 'neath the midnight's wing;
I come from the gloomy realms of Dis,
Where disappointment reigns,
To rob the world and the realms of bliss,
Of the mortals who wear my chains.

II.

"'I lurk in the light of a jaundiced eye,
In the frown at the banquet board,
Where the dagger has leaped at the false one's sigh,
And the poisoned wine been poured.
But weapons may rest, for I love the best
The tones of a venomed tongue;
Slander that silently searches each breast,
Till it poisons both old and young.

"'These are powers no mortals on earth can resist,
Hear us, thou dreamer—list—oh, list.'

"The dream continued—onward came
Guilt and Remorse, Joy, Love and Shame
Each told of its peculiar powers
O'er man in life's uncertain hours.
Then all in chorus loudly sung;
The very heavens with echoes rung;
And suddenly the thought came o'er me
That the spirits, hovering before me,

Disputed for my soul. In vain
I tried to speak. The hideous train
O'erpowered the purer spirits there,
And strove to bear me through the air.
With hideous noise the throng contended,
As if deep thunder's voice and the loud wind's were
blended.

"But, ah! the vision changed—a form,
Whose presence quelled the rising storm,
Rose like a flash of orient day,
And chased those evil forms away.
A seraph shape so fair and bright,
Filling a throne of golden light,—
My vision scarce could brook the sight!

"'Hear me, thou dreamer,' thus the spirit spake,
'Ere to the world, to reason, you awake,
Thou hast but listened to an elfin train
Of shapes created by thine own thin brain;
Beings thine active mind canst call at will,
E'en as thou see'st me now, though dreaming still.
Superior to the world of spirits thou,
Since thou who call'dst them then, canst quell them
now.
I come to thee from Time long passed away,
When thy world—earth—first knew the light of day,
To wake thee from a life of useless dreams,
Of vain conjectures, and of idle schemes.
Spirit of Chaos am I, and can view
All things created in their natural hue,
And not with mortals' wonder-working eyes,
Which, blind to earth, would peer into the skies

And stumbling where less sentient things have trod,
Presume to search into the realms of God.
Man's realm is earth, but on it man must pause,
Nor seek the hidden springs of Nature's laws,
Yet when he views her various shapes and plans,
Then God's creative power is proved by man's.
God made the earth, and man, with daily toil,
Raised flowers and fruits from the high cultured soil;
God gave the earth to man, and gave man powers
To raise up empires, cities, lordly towers;
From shapeless clay, or mass of shapeless stone,
Man made a world within his Maker's own;
A world where wisdom's paths are ever trod,
And man's power proved the attribute of God.

"'What though the spirit that to thee hath sung,
Said man decayed while still the earth was young,
When thy frail form is sealed in cold decay,
Some other being shall pursue thy way.
For man in every clime, in every stage,
Lives but the groundwork of a future age,
And bards unborn may sing some lofty strain,
Taught by the themes that even now remain.
The earth *is* young compared with time's huge space,
But man's scarce younger than his dwelling-place.
Do not proud empires gradually decay,
While many a race of man will pass away?
Man dies—the produce of his busy brain
A legacy to man must still remain
But other objects, when they pass away,
Pass to a world that knows no coming day:

Man rules on Earth—Earth owns his master hand
And yields her spirit to his stern command.
Then pass we to the element of air,
Whose spirit seemed more lovel and more fair,—
Its power-propelling properties were vain
Did man not guide his ships across the main;
And Fire itself, though matter's chiefest ban,
By man's made useful to the wants of man.
The Fire-King's threat of God's avenging day
Man may avert if he believe and pray;
Even the angry boastings of the flood
Subside for man, and yield him daily food;
Creation's chief, superior to the rest,—
True to himself, man cannot but be blessed.

"'Yet whence these various passions—whence arise
Those fiends that scare—these shapes that charm the
eyes?
Whence sprung Ambition—but in man's proud
breast?
And happier they who ne'er his power possessed.
Why lives Desire—but that, with discontent,
Man covets more than God for mortal meant?
Pride's but a name—if all the truth would strike
That man, in different stations, is alike;
And Hope, vain promiser, a vacant sound,
If with the present, man contentment found;
Shame, Fear, and Grief were scattered to the wind,
Did they essay to sere a virtuous mind?
Revenge and Shame ne'er need the mind appal,
They but at man's desire exist at all:

And pleasure dwells but in the hearts of those
Whose well-poised minds ne'er change their friends to
foes.
Thus round his heart! man has alone the power
To make his life one lingering roseate hour;
And—must attendant sprites his pleasure prove—
Obedient to his call, come Joy and Love.
"'Then dreamer, for awhile, forsake thy books,
Read nature's page—survey her purling brooks,
Her fields—fair flowers—and, striking deeper then,
Study the habits, wants, and hearts of men.
External nature ever will supply
Food for the contemplative mind and eye;
But deeper knowledge ne'er to man is given,
Till, worthy Earth, he finds a worthier Heaven.
But night is waning—morn begins to break
Awake! Oh dreamer—to the world awake!"

"Sudden I woke to light and life again,
That night's strange vision lingering in my brain;
Which, first confused, then more distinctly grew,
'Till waking memory gave it back to view.
From that day forth, forsaking studious moods,
The nights of toil, the days' long solitudes,
I wander'd in the paths of other men,
And truly felt I ne'er was learned till then.
Dispensing knowledge which I'd learned from art
I gained instruction books could not impart;
Made art subservient unto Nature's laws,
And, among men, gained honours and applause.
I craved not wealth, yet competence I found,
While health, contentment, still my labours crown'd;

I taught the truths which mild Religion gave,
Strove—not in vain, God grant, to help and save!
Observing those less skilled in art than me
Might still be happy, in their own degree,
I thanked my God who gave me higher powers,
To mark the weeds that grow 'mid wisdom's flowers;
And reasoning thus on Nature's perfect plan,
I live an old—but not a lonely man."

1840

THE INCENDIARY.

A TALE.

THERE is a lowly rustic cot,
That stands near Barnby-moor,
Whose looks bespeak the poverty
Behind its latched door.

The very ivy that was wont
To climb along its side,
The plant that most the ruin loves,
There—even that has died.

The thatch is loose and incomplete,
The walls are grey and old,
With here and there a tuft of hay,
To keep away the cold.

The path no longer strew'd with sand,
Inviting you to pass,
By long neglect you scarce can see;
'T is cover'd o'er with grass.

Yet all around is bright and fair,
The fields are fresh and green,
Save where the yellow stubble shows
The ripen'd corn has been.

The flocks are grazing on the hills,
Birds carol near the spot
Then wherefore is it ruin comes
Upon that rustic cot?

Thus thought I, as I paused to view
That cot on Barnby-moor,
But little weened I of the wreck,
Behind that cottage door.

'T was not till after many months,
I heard the tale of woe,
And you a lesson may receive
By what I chance to know.

'T was from the neighbours round about,
The dismal tale I heard,
That in my breast as out they spoke,
A three-fold horror stirred

I cannot tell the tale exact
As it was told to me,
I only write what they relate,
But they were there to see.

Within that cot dwelt Robert Brown,
With Martha Brown, his wife,
He worked within the paper mill,
And led a sober life.

Three children bless'd their wedded love,
Elizabeth and Jane,
The other was a boy—he was
More favour'd than the twain.

But all were lov'd—though Robert most
His mother's smile would see,
And who could blame her, when he was
The youngest of the three?

And joy dwelt then within the cot
That stands near Burnby-moor,
And many were the festive scenes
Within that cottage door.

But suddenly a change was seen,
The neighbours one by one,
They did not come to visit there
As they before had done.

The potter with his earthenware,
The tally-man from town,
They call'd at every cottage round,
But not on Robert Brown.

And oft about the alehouse door
Was Robert seen to lurk;
You may divine the reason now,
For he was out of work.

A huge piece of machinery,
Came down into the mill;
Directly that began to work,
A score of hands stood still.

And Robert knew no other trade,
For he had learned by rule
The one by which he'd gain'd his bread,
Since first he came from school.

And nearly fifteen years he 'd been,
Of time no little span,
Employed at that same mill—and lived
Devoted to one man.

And all that time, as I am told,
His pittance was so small,
That though he earned " his daily bread,"
He could not save at all.

And yet they bade him in a week.
With wife and children three—
Find other work, for in that time
His pay would cease to be.

And when they heard their master's name,
How many breath'd a curse,
Some wish'd him blind—and lame—some dead—
And some they wish'd him worse.

For though he knew that they must starve,
He proffer'd no relief,—
He paid his poor-rates willingly,
And smiled upon their grief.

Oh! shame that a grey-headed man
Should go down to the grave
With heaps of gold, and stretch not forth
His hand, a soul to save.

But yet 'twas an unholy thing,
For them to curse and swear,
When we are taught with meekness still
The worst of ills to bear.

There is a providence above,
To watch what we endure;
And his rewards are great to all,
Especially the poor.

But to return to Robert Brown;
All comforts fled his door,
And cheerless was his rustic cot
That stood near Barnby-moor.

He heard his children cry for bread
When he had none to give;
'Twere better far that they had died,
Than dying thus—to live.

He saw his wife, his hapless wife,
Though uncomplaining still,
Borne down by stern misfortune's gale,
Pale—penitent—and ill.

He ate the bread of charity,
When he could eat at all,
But what the parish guardians gave,
Was pittance—poor and small.

But even that was soon withheld,
For poor-law minions blame,
And back the starving man was sent
As empty as he came.

They proffered only that relief
A father could not share,
To leave a wife and children too,
To fate or to despair.

So back he came—to see them fade,
  Like flow'rets from their prime,
You scarce can wonder that his soul
  Was after steep'd in crime.

It seem'd as if there sometimes raged
  A fever in his breast,
And once—he call'd his little boy,
  And thus his thoughts express'd

'Come here—come here, my little boy,
  I'll gaze upon thy face,
I part thy flowing locks—and I
  No marks of shame can trace.

' Thou art as beautiful a child,
  Though sickly now, and pale,
As his whose lofty mansion rears
  Its top in yonder vale

' And what is thy inheritance ?
  To be a beggar's heir,
To live a life of wretchedness,
  And wedded to despair

" But no—my child—it shall not be,
  These hands are thin and weak,
But there's a voice throughout the land
  Shall words of terror speak

" There is a power brooding now,
  And when the storm shall burst,
Woe—woe unto the thoughtless ones
  That we have named—accursed "

And as he placed his nervous hand,
Upon his darling's head,
The child look'd up and smiled; it was
Unconscious what he said.

But yet it was a ghastly smile,
That smote the father's heart,
And not the smile of childish glee
That lights life's sunniest part.

Then forth he went—his bleeding heart
Could little brook the scene;
He only thought of what they were,
And what they once had been.

And scarcely had he turn'd aside,
Before a blooming maid
Came tapping at the cottage door,
Half conscious—half afraid.

'Twas not a simple cottage girl,
Of neighbour on the green,
But one whose silk attire display'd
A form of nobler mien.

The bloom of health was on her cheek,
There grief had raised no smart,
And by her fairy step was seen
The freshness of her heart.

Her eyes were bathed in joyous light,
Hers were life's happy years;
But when she passed the cottage porch,
Fell, thick and fast,—her tears.

"I bring you food," she mildly said,
  I heard you were distress'd
But oh! I did not think to see
  A scene so much depressed."

And then in very thankfulness,
  To her the children knelt;—
I would a kingdom's wealth forego,
  To feel what then she felt.

Poor Martha bless'd her through her tears,
  But tears are blessings too,
When springing from a grateful heart,
  That care cannot subdue.

Then forth she went—that gentle girl,
  But with a step less free,
A brow less calm, for she had seen
  A scene of misery.

For though her ministering aid
  Had brought relief to them,
She knew who'd caused that grief, and she
  Might pity—not condemn.

Now turn we to another scene
  Of deeper, darker hue,
The alehouse parlour's gloomy walls,
  Its motly, mirthless, crew.

Pale faces sat around the board,
  Each to the other bore
A strange resemblance—could it be
  The stamp of crime they wore?

Rude implements before them lay,
Such as were only plann'd
For civil war, when mischief spread
Its influence o'er the land.

They spoke in whispers—as men speak,
To do a deed they fear,
Whose words of guilt 'twould almost be,
A crime to overhear.

And one more eloquent in sin
That desp'rate band address'd,
Whose inspiration seem'd to give
A colour to the rest.

With shorten'd breath and quivering lip,
His very words they drank,
As eager as the drowning man
Grasps at a floating plank.

And when he paused, his hearers stood
With fixed eye and hand,
As though already each one there
Bore the Incendiary's brand.

That night this secret conclave made
A terrible resolve,
That guilty and that guiltless too,
In danger would involve.

The mill—the dwelling-house that stood.
Contiguous to the town,
Were by this junto doom'd to be
Unfairly burned down.

A fearful oath to secrecy
  Each made upon the spot,
And who should the Incendiary be,
  Was to be cast by lot.

Then breathless each the billet drew,
  Where it was noted down,
Which would assign the deed to one:
  It fell to Robert Brown.

"I thank the fate," he harshly said,
  "That gives revenge to me;
Yon house that rears its stately front
  Dust—ashes—soon shall be."

They parted—sad and sullenly,
  With slow and cautious gait,
The coming midnight's fearful scene
  Of danger to await.

Night came—the very heav'ns frowned,
  For not a star was seen,
And earth and sky were hidden by
  The thick dark clouds between.

No sound was heard save murm'ring rill,
  Scarce ruffled by the breeze,
Or bat whose fragile wing disturb'd
  The foliage of the trees.

It was the stilliness of death,
  A deep and holy calm,
And all the neighbouring village slept,
  Unconscious of alarm.

But suddenly a piercing cry,
And then a mingl'd sound,
A strange, confused, and hurried noise
Was heard by all around.

Red glar'd the fields—red burn'd the sky,
Red seem'd the earth and air,
The fire-king spread his fiery wreath,
Bright, burning, ev'ry where.

From far and near the country folks
Came running to the town,
In time to see the paper-mill
Come hissing, crackling, down.

The mill was down—the dwelling house
Next burst into a blaze,
In vain the sturdy yeomen strove
To quell its murderous ways.

Oh! horrid sight—oh! woeful plight,
At lattice window seen,
There stood the child—she who at morn
Tripp'd lightly o'er the green.

"Oh! save me—help!"—she loudly cried:
Alas! no succour came,
They could not reach her for the mad,
Wild—devastating flame.

The mother swooned—the father raved,
It was their favourite child,
And Robert Brown saw their distress,
And demon-like—he smiled.

Too well he played his fear ul part,
  But it ne'er cross'd his n ind,
He stood upon the brink of hell,
  And outlaw'd from mankind.

'Twas not until he reach'd his home,
  His steps he did retrace;
His wife accused him of the deed,
  She read it in his face.

Pale, trembling, then the coward stood,
  Nor could his guilt deny,
Even to one he knew would shield
  His deepest perfidy.

But when she told him of the deed,
  The foul and cruel wrong,
The murder of that gentle girl,
  Who'd loved them all along.

Then felt he the excess of guilt,
  Then reeled his heart and brain,
A momentary pang that show'd
  The mind and man again.

But soon 'twas over—vengeance next,
  Gave place to pale-faced fear,
For guilty men detection dread
  In all they see and hear.

He ga. es round with quivering eye,
  He hears a hurried tread,
That seems as 't were a summons to
  The living from the dead.

He knows that they must come for him,
He feels he is betrayed,
And nothing but an instant flight
Their vengeance will evade.

He glances madly on his wife,
And on his children three;
He prays and curses in one breath,
And then prepares to flee.

They 're knocking at the cottage door—
The window is not high!
He leaps into the narrow lane—
They scarcely see him fly.

He did not pause—he did not stop,
Nor turn to look behind:
They might have fancied they had seen
A mad-man chase the wind.

And madly as the hunted hart,
His onward course he steers
O'er field and hill—still onward still
He comes and disappears.

And when the early morn appeared,
He many a mile had flown,
But shrunk he from the stranger's gaze,
Yet feared to be alone.

To London he pursued his way,
And baffled for a while,
The just award of punishment
That follows deeds so vile.

Awhile—'tis but a little while,
That guilt can be concealed,
And often when most self secure
'Tis suddenly revealed.

And thus it was with Robert Brown:
The effort to evade
The course of justice, 'twas alone,
His villany betrayed.

He herded with a den of thieves—
Where else could Robert go,
Without a chance of working now
Or character to show?

He liv'd a desperate short career,
To think of which appals,
Till he a wretched tenant was
Of Newgate's gloomy walls.

Arraign'd—but for another act
The felon's chains he wore,
And then the wretched man betrayed
The guilt he'd done before.

Where were his boastings of revenge
His power that would control?
He stood debased—he felt accursed,
With blood upon his soul.

Too late for him repentance came,
It came—but could not save:
He died that foul degraded death
That merits not a grave!

His wife died broken hearted, when
His dreadful end she knew;
His children never heard the tale,
Too awful—and too true.

Thus ends my theme—a dismal tale,
Told in a homely way,
But one that has a moral all
Should study to obey.

Seek not another's ruin, "live
And let live" every where,
For he who weaves a web of woe
May fall into its snare.

Had all done so, of whom my muse
Endeavours to rehearse,
I had this tale been spared to tell,
And you this simple verse.

The mill had stood—and all around,
Had looks of gladness wore,
And joy had dwelt within the cot,
That stands near Barnby-moor.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED ON THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE CLUB,

At the Town-Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, April 23d, 1841.

Hail! to the lovely spot of earth,
That gave immortal Shakspere birth!
Hail! to the quiet, peaceful town,
Made sacred by its bard's renown.
Hail! favoured Stratford! thou to-day
Shalt claim my tributary lay.
What though some worthier bard may deem
Thee fitter subject for his theme,
My humble muse would fain aspire
To catch awhile the poet's fire;
Secure that, while she wings her flight
To realms of fancy and delight,
A band of brothers lend the willing ear,
Nor deign to censure where the song's sincere;
A host of friends, whose bosoms throb the same,
To bless and celebrate great Shakspere's fame.
Hail! then, to Avon's time-enchanted stream,
Upon whose banks perchance the poet's dream

Teemed with wild shapes of love, with beauty fraught,
Sublime creations of the realms of thought.
Here oft perchance his youthful spirit strayed,
To sing but of some simple cottage maid,
Till genius, wondering, heard the votive strain,
And stamp'd indelibly the poet's brain;
Then 'twas our Shakspere, in his earlier hours,
First drew from nature's streams, and fields, and flowers,
Where upon Avon's banks he erst reclined,
And the huge workings of his master-mind
First woke that lyre, whose magic, mighty tone,
Hath made the sweetest melodies his own;
Hath raised a great, an ever-varying theme,
And hallowed gentle Avon's town and stream.

Star of the drama, that refulgent shines,
Unequalled are thy histrionic lines;
Yet thou too, Shakspere, must endure the rage
Of morbid fashions that corrupt the stage,
E'en as the sun when clouds obscure the ray,
That else would glisten from the orb of day.

Degraded drama! yet not all too late
Thy faithful friends thy power would reinstate,
Nor need I proofs when such her friends afford,
In the warm hearts around this festive board;
Hearts that must throb with every warm delight,
In union with the spirit of the night;
He whom blind *Milton* did not pause to name
The "Son of Memory"—"*the great heir of Fame.*"
Yet there are names upon the drama's rolls
Hunt, *Talfourd*, and our modern Shakspere—*Knowles*.

Whose muses still in virtue's cause prevail
To "*point the moral, and adorn the tale.*"
Then if our Isles can boast these gifted men,
If virtue prompt, and genius guide the pen,
The star of hope is shining through the gloom,
That may the light of Britain's stage relume.

Oh! may their works, beyond this passing age,
Still keep their proud position on the stage,
When time, the test of fame, has fleeted by,
And yielded them "a name that cannot die."
But while my muse, in laudatory strain,
Extols the playwrights of Victoria's reign,
The olden poets may not be forgot,
By those who circle round this hallowed spot.
What lover of sweet *Shakspere* could afford
To lose the many beauties of *John Ford?*
Or pass, unheedful, o'er each brilliant line
That makes thy plays, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher,* shine?

Not the long lapse of ages shall deter
The well-earned bays of *Philip Massinger,*
Wreathing his temples, while they gild his name
With those emblazoned on the scroll of fame.
But next and nearest to our *Shakspere's* heart,
Who of *his* laurels almost claimed a part,
On fame's high throne dost thou securely sit,
Oh rare *Ben Jonson!* with thy stores of wit.

But most, oh *Shakspere*—most we venerate
The wondrous shapes thou didst delineate!
The fair *Miranda* all devoid of guile,
That peerless spirit of the lonely isle;

The witty *Portia*, and *Nerissa* too,
And the fair daughter of the vengeful *Jew*;
The gentle *Rosalind*, without compeer,
Grown to our hearts by recollections dear;
The fair shrew, *Katherine*, in each angry mood,
Whom more we love for being thus subdued;
The wronged, but weak, yet trusting *Lady Ann*,
That hapless victim of designing man;
Ophelia, whose sad story doth impart
How frail a flower is trusting woman's heart;
And the fair consort of the jealous *Moor*,
Whose wrongs we can but weep for and deplore.
Nor shall the youthful *Juliet* be forgot,
While feeling hearts can wail her hapless lot
And one rare gem of worth and wit combined,
In which the triumphs of a virtuous mind
The magic pen of *Shakspere* did engage,
Lives in the portraiture of "*Sweet Ann Page*."
Here would I pause, lest you should haply deem
My humble muse unequal to my theme,
Yet I would fain some passing tribute pay,
To laud the hero of each high-wrought play
Hamlet, *Othello*, *Lear*, the scornful *Jew*,
So wild, so wondrous, yet to nature true:
Coriolanus, *Cæsar*, long shall stand,
Touched by the magic of our *Shakspere's* wand,
In monumental pride to grace the stage,
And show past manners to a future age!

And oh! where else, where can we look upon
So rare a miracle as fat *Sir John*?
Shakspere alone could draw the unctuous knight,
That, as the past, will future times delight.

Truly of *Shakspere* may the poet tell—
" None but himself might be his parallel."
None on his haunted regions may encroach,
Or hope *his* wond'rous genius to approach.
More would I say, but time, with sweeping wing,
The stealthy hours will o'er us silent fling:
And to far abler men must I resign
The task of lauding *Shakspere's* mighty line;
Enough for me, if kindly you regard
My humble offering to the brilliant Bard
Enough to feel, if weakly 'tis express'd;
Your better judgment can supply the rest.

1841.

POOR LAW RHYMES.

" He who allows oppression, shares the crime."

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

IN prefacing a vo'ume of this description, it is not unusual for the Author to plead in justification of its appearance, the cause of his having intruded his thoughts upon the notice of the public. It is sometimes stated by him, that "he writes for fame and not for profit," and sometimes "for profit and not for fame;" not unfrequently "for his own amusement," and frequently "for the amusement of his friends." The Author of this pamphlet hopes it may not be considered that any of these reasons have wholly influenced him, though it would be vain to say that all of them have not partly done so; his chief object, however, has been to make his writings useful, by directing the attention of his readers to a few of the many evils accruing from the passing of the "Poor-Law Amendment Act," which, though he may be told they are individual cases, tend to prove that the bill is bad in principle—dangerous in operation—oppressive—and unjust as a whole.

The folly and inefficacy of Somerset House legislation is by this time pretty generally known and understood by all classes, —the utter incapability of any set of men prescribing for cases, of the merits of which they are totally ignorant, and from which they are many miles distant, is so evident as to be clear to the very meanest capacity. It is, in fact, a bad law badly administered, and the more its folly is exposed to the "world's open view," whether it be by that mighty engine and director of public opinion, the newspaper press, or by the humbler aspirations of a poor-law rhymer, the more likely it is that the objectional clauses will be again "*amended*," or that the whole bill will give way for a better than the one that now disgraces the statutes of the country.

As a lengthened essay in prose would be out of place where a metrical satire alone is intended, the Author concludes with a hope that in the following pages he has not appealed in vain to the feelings of his readers, or failed to impress upon them that they, "doing unto others as they would they should do unto them," should simultaneously petition parliament for a full investigation of the fallacies, and an immediate alteration of the "New Poor-law Amendment Act."

J. E. CARPENTER.

Leamington Spa, March, 1839.

POOR LAW RHYMES.

I.—THE UNION WORKHOUSE.

" Ah, what is yonder gloomy pile,
  That since I left my old abode,
Has sprung up where the ancient stile
  Led to a pleasant country road?
Are all the people mad, or worse,
  Do I behold the county gaol?
Some spell is on the place—some curse
  I dread to ask or hear the tale!

" A noble frontage—spacious walls,—
  But scarce a window can I see:
The very sight the sense appals,
  It must, it must a madhouse be!
Yet here, I'll go to farmer White,
  He will be glad of my return,
And something, 'ere I sleep to night,
  Will I of this strange building learn."

The stranger with untired limb
  Sought out the farmer's dwelling, there
A fearful tale was told to him
  Of mingled sorrow and despair;

That since he'd left his native place
To wander foreign countries o'er.
A change had been—a black disgrace,
Such, Britons ne'er had felt before.

"That house, my friend," says farmer White,
"Is known for many a weary mile,
And many a form once fair and bright
In bondage, vilest of the vile,
There pines—or unlamented dies,—
Is buried—none can mark the spot,—
Or lingers on, all social ties
Unnamed—but, oh, not unforgot.

"Two hundred souls within its wall
Each day are sheltered, clothed and fed,—
They take a contract for them all
At sixteen pence per week, per head;
We don't pay half the poor rates now,
And nought in charity we're giving,
Because the paupers they allow
But just enough to keep them living."

II.—THE RUINED FARMER.

AH! yes, I do remember well
An old and quiet man
Within that cottage used to dwell,
And all who knew him loved to tell
His virtues, few could them excel
Since first his life began.

A farmer on a tract of land
Scarce equalled round about,
Old Roger tilled, and toiled, and planned,
Till rough misfortune's heavy hand,
And tricks he could not understand,
Turned poor old Roger out.

But Roger with a scrupulous care
Paid every man his own,
For former friends, from every where
Came eagerly to claim a share
Of what—alas! he ill could spare,
Until he stood—alone.

And then the cottage I have seen
With porch—all woodbine-clad,

Old Roger took—and well I ween
What pangs must in his breast have been,—
But yet it was the very scene
To make a lone heart glad.

And here he linger'd out his days,
With what the parish gave.
Enough, though old, he still could raise
To make him fortune's goodness praise,
He gained the pound the poor man pays
To share the rich man's grave.

And he was happy, till a voice
From "old St. Stephens" came;
'Tis true old Roger had the choice
To starve alone, or to rejoice
In rough companionship, whose voice
Breathed misery and shame.

They stopped his weekly pittance—
Had paid it o'er and o'er
In pauper-rates, with hand as free
As though he never thought to be
Partaker of its misery,—
No matter—he's no more.

He in the union workhouse died,
They dragged him from his cot
As men draw swine—they had him tied
Within a crazy cart—they tried
To make him walk—he scarce could ride
To meet man's common lot.

His cottage is forsaken now,
Almost a heap of ruins,
And many a passer by I trow
Will press his hand upon his brow,
And mutter curses deep and low
On poor-laws and their doings.

XII.—THE DYING PAUPER

Take away that nauseous draught
That so vainly I have quaffed,
In my loathsome prison here
Where all is wretched, chill, and drear;
Where scarce a gleam of blessed light
Breaks in on the continual night;
Let me feel the sun's warm ray
To cheer me on my dying day.

Pining in these gloomy cells
Here a wretched pauper dwells,
Wife, nor brother, father, friend,
May my dying hours attend,
Only by an unseen death
Yields the pauper up his breath;
Poor-law makers at your door
Lie the death-pangs of the poor.

Far away from those I knew
Here my wretched form they drew,
When my pittance, poor the pay,
Poor-law guardians took away;
Forcing me—to ease my cares,
Out of my house into theirs,
Where, with what unholy zeal,
They kill their sick as oft as heal.

Yet I could with what they gave
Have calmly sought a peaceful grave,
But to union workhouse led,
By poor-law minions, pauper-fed,
I never more may feel again
The fresh breeze o'er my native plain;
In few words will my tale be said,—
A poor-law victim—friendless—dead.

XVI.—THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

Hark! I hear no village bell
As the coffin passes by,
Is there not a passing knell
Toll'd in yonder church to tell
His soul has sought eternity?
Yet no matter—there 'll be said
Prayers o'er the pauper dead.

In that old church aisle I 've seen
Oft old Roger kneel alone;
Ah! they turn towards the green,
Surely they can never mean
That solemn service to disown;
Yes—poor-laws begrudge the giving
Church to paupers dead or living.

V.—THE LOST CHILD.

MAGISTRATE.—Did you apply to the parish officers to explain how it was you received no notice of their intention to send your daughter abroad?

POOR WOMAN.—I did, sir, but they only made a jeer of it, and laughed at me; and when I asked them if I might not be allowed to follow my child, they said "that was quite out of the question."—*Vide Times Newspaper, Jan.* 17, 1839.

OVERSEER.—What has the new poor-law to do with the case?

POOR WOMAN.—Indeed, sir, it has every thing to do with it; for if I could have obtained a small assistance from the parish, I could have maintained my child, and she would not have been sent from me—God knows where."—*Vide Morning Herald, Jan.* 18, 1839.

THERE is a knocking at the gate,
A woman's voice—her accents wild,
Who, fearing she has come too late,
Demands admittance to her child;
For she has heard a strange report,
Enough a mother's heart to freeze,
That female paupers they transport
To realms beyond the briny seas.

And she has journeyed far to know
The fullest record of her grief;
Can they a mother's love forego,
Or give her throbbing breast relief?

No! deep and holy are the ties,
That to the child the mother bind:
They make her feelings heaven-ward rise,
And leave all baser thoughts behind!

"Oh! master at this workhouse gate,
Say shall a mother plead in vain—
Tell me I do not vainly wait
To see my blessed girl again?"
"Wait!" says the master with a sneer,
As if for that the brute was hired,
"Why, mistress, as to waiting here,
Methinks of that you would be tired.'

"Thy child is many miles away,
We say is gone a trip of pleasure,
And, as we've nothing more to pay,
Why you may follow at your leisure."
He closed the door—and with it threw
Hope, light, and joy from her for ever,—
Another victim added to
A "righteous-over-much" endeavour.

What said the woman? "Had they spared
The trifling pittance for her daughter,
They never needed to have cared
To send her o'er the troubled water;"
Unblessed shall those poor-laws be
That human ties thus rend asunder,
And henceforth live in memory.
A sin—a mockery—a blunder.

VI—THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

OH! softly sleep my darling Jane,
Would'st thou might never wake again,
To mock me with thy quiet mirth,
Thou one bright spot where all is dearth.
Oh! may'st thou 'scape 'mid realms above
The pangs of ill-requited love,
And never, never know the shame
That hovers o'er thy mother's name.

'T was in a quiet village cot
Thy father saw my peaceful lot,
He practis'd with a tempter's art,
Though but to play the traitor's part;
He watch'd my every changing mood,
At last, he tempted—and subdued;
He broke his faith with God and me,
And, worst of all, deserted thee.

And I became an outcast wild,
A pauper, with a pauper child,
For laws where men to men atone,
The poor-laws PUNISH ME ALONE:

But God who knows the human heart,
Can penetrate its deepest part,
He knows the pangs that I endure,
And his rewards are for the poor.*

* "And his rewards are for the poor"—"it is a difficult thing for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

VII.—ONE OF SEVEN.

The Devizes board of guardians lately took into their consideration the case of an agricultural labourer named Hale, who had only 7*s*. a week to support himself, his wife, and seven children and, having been forbidden to give out door relief to the poor man by order of the Poor Law Commissioners, they took one of his children into the workhouse. In consequence of this act, the Commissioners have desired the board to send the child home to its parents, because "they are determined not to permit any out-door relief, particularly at the present time, when provisions are so much increased in price, as it would be virtually returning to the old system of payment in aid of wages out of the rates.—*Bath Gazette*.

In poor attire, torn but clean,
A little pauper child was seen,
Pale was her cheek and sunk her eye,
The very type of poverty;
She viewed the scene with blank dismay
For she came there but yesterday,
Yet to her home was that a Heaven,
And Ellen was but one of seven.

If seven shillings would, a week,
A wife and seven children keep,
Then Ellen Ray had not been there
A pauper's bitter lot to share;

But rents were high, and bread was dear,
And work was scarce, and weather drear,
And so the Guardians, Ellen Ray,
One of the seven, took away.

Yet seems it such an action stirs
Your bile—poor law Commissioners,
Thou pampered-ted, bloodsucking crew,
Why make the laws as bad as you?
Now mark the answer of my lord,
" Provisions dear—we can't afford
To give the poor out-door relief;"
Pshaw!—make the honest man a thief!

Next day an order to " the board"
Was sent expressly from my lord,
Couched in no very courteous strain,
To send poor Ellen home again;
Yes home she went—to her salvation;
Could one so young endure starvation?
Her spirit wing'd its flight to heaven,
Yet Ellen was but one of seven.

VIII. THE PAUPER TO HIS WIFE.

'T is forty years ago, Jane, that you and I were wed,
A thrifty pair we were, Jane, as every body said,
But now we have grown poor, Jane, but are we to be blamed,
Have we committed any crime of which to be ashamed?

'T is true that we are poor, Jane, but we both night and day
Have toiled, and toiled, until we feel a premature decay,
We scarce could save a pound, Jane, the pay was poor and small,
And when that I fell sick the rent of cottage swallowed all.

But yet though our distresses were pitiful to see,
We've been to one another what man and wife should be,
And now we seek the relief, Jane, that we to others gave,
They tell us that we may not sink together to the grave.

Oh! cursed be such poor-laws, by perjured monsters coin'd,
That they would put asunder what God together join'd,

That thus the sacred Scriptures so heedlessly revile
And take in vain. the sacred name of *charity* the while.

Yet no, it shall not be, Jane, my withers are unstrung,
And though I cannot work, Jane, as once when I was young;—
A crust, a very crust, Jane, to toil for will I try,
Though we together may not *live*—we will together die.

IX.—THE WEDDING DAY.

We never keep a wedding day
As we were wont to do,
Since father was too old to work,
And mother could not sew;
'Tis strange on such a holiday
That we should not be gay,—
But listen, and you 'll wonder not
We keep no wedding day.

We thought it was a holy thing,
For man and wife to be
United in the blessed bonds
Of nuptial unity;
But *poverty divorces* them,
So poor-law makers say,
Then can you wonder that we do
Not keep our wedding day?

It was a woeful sight to me
When Father left his cot,
When Mother turn'd her ling'ring eyes
To gaze upon the spot;
They bore them both to yon Bastile
From their quiet home away,
And they thus, it chanc'd, were parted
On their fiftieth wedding day.

'Tis written in the Holy Book
  (How poor-law makers blunder)
" *That which* God *hath together join'd*
  Let no man put asunder:"
Yet my mother from my father's side
  Since then has slept away,
And never since that time have we
  Ere kept our wedding day.

Five rosy children, Jane and I
  Have reared, God praised, together,
From hunger's fell destroying hand,
  And bitings of the weather;
Yet better they had ne'er been born,
  Though nature had her sway,—
If still it is an unbless'd thing,—
  A poor man's wedding day.

We never keep a wedding day
  With laughter, mirth, and glee,
'Tis not the peasant's holiday
  As once it used to be;
But our children gather round our knees,
  They kneel, and with us pray,—
And we love them not the less, because
  We keep no wedding day.

X.—THE FATHER.

At the Stourbridge police-office, on Monday, John Walker was charged by the guardians of the union with being indebted to the parish for the maintenance of two of his children whilst he was out of work and unable to maintain them himself. The little man had been in a very distressed state, but immediately he got into work again he took his children from the workhouse, and has kept them since, paying great attention to them and instructing them every evening. The prisoner said that he could keep them by his labour, and would do all he was able to make them respectable members of society, but that he had not the means to pay the money demanded by the guardians. The magistrate said he must pay it, or in default stand committed for one month's imprisonment. Oppressive cases like these render the Poor-Law Amendment Act hateful.—*Worcester Chronicle, January*, 1839.

"It is not charity that gives
  That which it after takes away,
The motive that the deed outlives
  Deserves to meet with no repay;
And never teach my tongue to tell
  That which my hand with freedom gave,
Nor strive a human storm to quell,
  Unless I hoped the wreck to save.

Thus reason'd one who'd keenly felt
  The penance that the poor man pays;
A pale mechanic, who had dwelt
  In happier homes—in better days;

And now within a gloomy cell,
With grated window, guarded door,
A month old Peter's doom'd to dwell,—
His crime—the crime of being poor.

For Peter had two boys and they
Were motherless, his wife was dead,
And though he worked both night and day
To keep a roof above their head,
Still work got short—the market cloys,—
And things grew bad where good was meant
And so poor Peter's helpless boys
Were to the Union Workhouse sent.

But Peter did the work-house hate,
And so he every nerve did strain
Until at last with heart elate
He took his two boys back again;
And *then* the poor-law guardians came
With bill, and items,—bed and board.
Oh! pedlars of the poor man's shame,
Oh! narrow-minded dastard hoard.

Yet hold—it is the law that gives
To vulgar men a vulgar pow'r,
To mar all happiness that lives
Within the poor man's lonely hour;
Thus Peter could not pay, and they
In prison check his strong endeavour;
And oh! it were not vain to say,
The poor-laws crush'd him, *and for ever.*

XI.—THE MOTHER.

Mr. Gunning stated the circumstances of the case to the court. It appeared that the mother of the child had applied to— who was overseer of the parish, and that she was told there was no poor-house in the parish, and that he hardly knew, therefore, where she could be taken for relief. * * * * The learned counsel stated that during the night in question, she had food enough for her child and herself. On the following morning she saw the overseer, and after he had seen Mr.———, and the latter gentleman had declared she could not be relieved there as she belonged to the parish of——, she must, therefore, go on to C——. She alleged the child was too ill for that journey, which was about nine miles, and would not get there alive. The child appeared to have received some increase of *its complaint* upon the road, and died in about nine days after.—*Vide report in the Times of January* 17, 1839

A WIDOW with her only child,
A girl of scarce thirteen,
So pale, so languid, and so wild,
Who looked as though she ne'er had smiled,
Came slowly o'er the green.

It was a tearful sight to see
That homeless child and mother:
They passed, but did not beg of me,
And, as they unobserved would be,
Clung close to one another.

They sought the parish workhouse, where
They hoped to gain relief,
The doors were closed—the walls were bare,
As though the only dwellers there
Were hunger—death—and grief

But for the paupers, they were sent
For several miles away;
Within the Union Workhouse—meant
To stop all sorts of discontent,
They wasted day by day.

And so the child and mother too,
Passed with a silent tear,
Till passing by they chanced to view
A name whose owner well they knew
Was parish Overseer.

She told her artless tale of grief,
The man—Oh! passing clever
He "hardly knew—the laws in brief,
Prohibited to give relief,
But yet he would endeavour."

"There was a stable yard close by,
And room for them he'd borrow,
Where they might unmolested lie,
They'd half a loaf, so wouldn't die
Till he went forth to-morrow."

The morrow came, and they before
The magistrate were guided,
The modern Midas seem'd to pore
The poor-law clauses o'er and o'er
And then at last decided,

"He hemm'd—he feared—and he confessed,
Her case was very trying,
The woman's parish was the next,
And she must journey further west;"
Poor fool!—her child was dying.

No matter that, the law's the law,
Signed—passed to—print and paper;
They conn'd it o'er, nor found a flaw,
Nor item for compassion, for
In poor-law that's—a vapour.

The widow and the dying girl,
They thrust them out before them:
The widow's senses seem'd to whirl,
Her sorrows melted not to churl,
God's mercy 'twas she bore them.

He only knows how 'twas at last
They reached the pauper dwelling;
For many a weary hour had pass'd
Of weary walking—tedious fast,
And pains—too great for telling.

The widow laid her burden down,
The girl she all day carried;
The parish doctor, with a frown,
Soon told the truth to widow Brown,
She might as well have tarried.

Within a gloomy narrow cell,
'Tis horrible to paint,
A few more days she linger'd—well,
And then as parish records tell,
She "died of her complaint."

"She *died of her complaint*"—forbear
To tell *this* to the nation:
Go ask the childless mother where,
And what, 'twas baffled all their care—
God knows it was—starvation.

Now whether we the laws must blame,
Or they are to be pitied,
I only know a curse, a shame,
Will hang on Britain's once lov'd name,
If murder 's thus committed.

XII.—PAUPER PRAYER.

WHAT! have they closed their workhouse door
Against the egress of the poor;
The protestant who oft has knelt
Where most God's influence is felt?
May he not meekly kneel awhile
In prayer within the old church aisle,
May he for no brief moments stay,
Where first he learn'd to love and pray?

Ah! no—a careless hurried pray'r
Within his prison he must share,
A strange commingling of creeds,
Each pauper, kneeling round him, reads.
He may not on that pastor gaze
Who blessed him in his younger days;
Oh! *holy* poor-laws that were made
To mock all spiritual aid!

Oh! thrice detested Laws to thee
And thy most wretched policy,
The dying, starved, enslaved poor
Owe half the pangs that they endure;
Ye rule them with an iron rod,
Ye keep them from the house of God,
But still to them is mercy shown,
The humble Christian *prays alone.*

1839.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(Set to Music by Mr. F. N. Crouch.)

I saw her when the bridal wreath
Upon her brow she bore,
And sunny smiles of love and light
Upon her cheeks she wore.

I saw her when a lisping babe
Clung fondly to her breast,
As clings the fair and cradled dove
To its loved mother's nest.

I saw her in life's happiest hours
When first she was a bride,
And the cherished one she loved so well
Stood proudly by her side.

I saw her when with anxious eye
She watched, but watched in vain,
For he who had abandoned her,
He ne'er returned again.

I saw her when a maniac wild;
I heard her low, sad moan;
Vainly she called him back again
To his own quiet home.

I saw *him* then with pallid cheek
And stricken with remorse,
Kissing her marbly withered hand,
The pale hand of a corse.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO PATRICK BYRNE, THE BLIND IRISH HARPER.

STRIKE! old Harper, strike the lays
Of those the old romantic days,
Wake that wild and pleasing theme
That realizes po[illegible]s dream,
That tells of years, now long gone by,
Of beauty, love, and chivalry;
When music, minstrelsy, and song
Were honour'd by the courtly throng;
When gallant knights and ladies fair,
The minstrel's glowing verse would share;
When harps to such soft strains were strung
As Scot's "last minstrel" play'd and sung;
But they are gone who waked those strains:
The minstrel's harp alone remains;
And that is handed down to thee—
Of former days a legacy,

* Since these lines were written, Mr. Byrne has had the honour of performing, by command, before her Majesty and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle.

That thou may'st teach in later days
To sons of song those ancient lays,
May'st let them hear the glowing verse
The master-spirits did rehearse,
Those strains that will for ages last,
Alike the future's as the past.
Then strike, old Harper, strike the lays
Of those the old chivalric days—
They bring thee joy. Though 'reft of sight
Thy soul ne'er knows the gloom of night;
Thy mind, capacious, ever sees
Strange forms and wild fantasies,
Such as with gloomy sons of earth
Have never, e'en ideal, birth;
But thou, blind minstrel, canst not see,
Like us, the dull reality.
Thy mind but knows life's happiest years,
Nor pictures sighs, dreads, griefs and tears.
Then strike, and may those echoes bring
Still to thy mind perpetual spring.
And may'st thou know, 'mid minstrel lay,
An imperceptible decay,
Unconscious when the passing breath
Divides thy soul from life and death,
Till thy last sand its end has run
As tranquilly as it begun!

1833

STANZAS

To the Memory of L. E. L.

The following stanzas were written on the 1st of January, 1839, on hearing the melancholy news of the death of Mrs Mac Lean at Cape Coast Castle

I.

How little did I deem my Muse
  Would herald in the new born year.
With strains less joyous than of yore,
  When flowers and spring were drawing near;
But now a deep and solemn sound.
  A whispering from beyond the wave,
Has told the sad and mournful tale
  That calls me to—a sister's grave.

II.

A mighty lute hath lost its powers,
  The hand that woke its echoes—still;
For, parted from her native bowers,
  The poet's bosom ceased to thrill:
Yes, death with stern, unerring hand
  Has broken fancy's magic spell,
And left a nation to deplore
  The loved, the gentle L. E. L.

III.

Hers was the kind and winsome muse
That spoke "the sweetness at the heart,"*
And though albeit her songs were sad,
They made us view life's better part;
They taught that poetry could dwell
Within the humblest, meanest thing,
And 'mid the winter's stern decay,
They call'd us back to hope and spring.

IV.

She died as dies a beauteous flow'r
Transplanted from its native spot,
That in an uncongenial hour
Buds—blooms—expires—and is forgot:
But here, within her native isle,
Enshrined within each English heart,
The minstrel and the minstrel's lays
From memory's cell will ne'er depart.

* Quoted from a poem written by Miss Landon in the author's album.

POMPEII.

I.

A BURIED city! what a name
For human—living—souls to hear;
Oh! wreck of hope—oh! blight of fame,
Oh! grave of passion,—all that's dear,
Oh! silent monitor, we see
The past—the future, both in thee.

In vain the poet tuned his lays,
The conqueror triumphed—all were vain;
The sword is broken, dead the praise,
Scattered the miser's hoarded gain;
From all alike the power hath fled
That swayed this city of the dead.

What hopes, what thoughts, lie buried here!
What plans made for futurity,
In these sad silent cells appear
To mar and mock our destiny·
How darkly is life overcast,
We view the future in the past.

IV.

A buried city! then in vain
We live, and love, and hope, and fear,
For all by their Creator slain
In calm equality lie here;
Yet, let us through His goodness try
To love, to live, nor fear to die.

1828.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A STORM.

I.

Hark! the winds how loud they whistle,
  Round about the house they blow;
Forest-bough and green-sward thistle,
  By their powers are bending low;
Seated by our glowing fire
  We feel not the storm's rude hand,
But how many may expire
  Who such comforts ne'er command.

II.

Hark again—the winds are rushing,—
  Pray for those who 're on the sea,
Think—amid the billow gushing—
  Think of what their fates may be.
In your own substantial dwelling
  You can guard against the storm:
Pray for those the wind's propelling—
  You whose hearts are young and warm.

III.

Many a wanderer onward bending—
  Not a house nor shelter by,
No friendly hand his form defending—
  Now may unprotected lie;
Thoughts like this are fearful warning
  Of the last tempestuous hour;
Only madmen can be scorning
  Now, God's universal power!—

1839.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

I.

She has gone to her grave when our hopes were the strongest,
For the sun of her beauty shed light o'er the scene:
Oh! we mourn not the blossoms that linger the longest,
Like those that decay while their branches are green.
How brief is the time since her voice was the clearest,
Her laughter the loudest, amid the gay throng
But the hand of consumption hath seized on our dearest,
And sealed are her bright eyes, and silent her song!

II.

She has gone to her grave! Like a vision before us
Her young spirit flew to the realms of the blest,
And though tears may assuage, yet they cannot restore us
The lips that so lately in life-time we press'd;
Sweet orphan—when death of thy parents bereft thee,
Our friendship we thought might atone for their love;
Yet why should we mourn that thy spirit hath left thee
To mingle with theirs in the regions above.

1840.

STANZAS.

I.

When forms we knew in death are cold,
And voices hush'd which charmed of old—
When hearts we loved have ceased to beat,
And friends of youth no more may meet,
When eyes which shone are sealed in night
We sadly turn from earth's delight!

When hopes which bless'd have pass'd away,
And friends have proved as false as they,
When youth's gay time is but a dream,
A phantom-light, a fading gleam,
When cold neglect the feelings blight,
We sadly turn from earth's delight.

But, e'en amid these scenes of pain,
If *one* fond heart but true remain,
Though gloom may dwell around the shrine
In which that heart beats true to thine,
The flame within burns pure and bright
And links us still to earth's delight!

1839.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT

I.

Oh! would that I had never known
The bright, but fatal gift of song,
My hours had not unheeded flown
Devoted to a wayward throng;
The throbbing heart the burning brow,
Had both alike been spared to me;
I had not felt the anguish now
That Minstrel's lot must ever be.

II.

The Minstrel's lot! unthankful task,
To culture flowers most fair and bright.
If any of their growth would ask?
They bloom amid the gloom of night!
Their seeds spring up in after years;
They only breathe the Minstrel's name,
Who sow'd in joy, but reap'd in tears,
Who lived in song, but died in shame.

III.

The dead, the gifted, glorious dead,
Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Crabbe, and Burns!
Scarce noticed until life had fled
By those who now enrich their urns;

Had they but lived to *know* the fame
Created by their own wild lyres,
Then, more to praise, and less to blame,
Had lived in their poetic fires.

IV.

Not e'en the Minstrel's soul can give
All to the future or the past;
It is not human thus to live
With care-clouds only o'er us cast.
The poet's mind, uncheer'd by praise,
Is like a lute with chords unstrung,
And thus we have the pensive lays
That former bards have played and sung.

V.

Then, would that I had never known
The bright but fatal gift of song,
Nor had my life's best moments thrown,
Unnumbered, to a thankless throng;
'Tis vain—my strange and wayward fate
A blessing and a curse hath sent,
That makes me love what I should hate,
And sing again while I lament!

1838.

THE WARWICK VASE.*

Record of ages long gone by,
Bright star to lure the classic eye,
  Thou shin'st from ages that have been;
And thee, oh! ancient Tivoli,
In this rich antique gem we see,
  Pure, chaste, and noble, and serene,
The handicraft of man, whose mind,
  Albeit he has passed away,
Is left, a legacy, behind,
  That will not, e'en with age, decay.
What though no sculptor's hand be known?
The beauties of an age are shown,
In the rich vase that here is placed,
A lasting monument of Grecian taste.

1838.

* This and the two following poems form part of a series written to accompany the "Illustrations to Warwickshire," published by Mr. Elston of Leamington, and they are inserted here by his permission.

KENILWORTH.

FIRST EPOCH—THE CASTLE.

I.

The spacious towers embattled rise
  Before the enraptured gaze,
The turrets, pointing to the skies
  Their crested summits raise;
The banners floating in the air,
  The warder's bugle note,
Bespeak the noble dwellers there,
  Their lordly state denote?

II.

The living fountains gush and play
  'Mid foliage rich and green,
And onward, bounding on its way,
  The timid fawn is seen;
The gilded barge moves slowly o'er
  The calm and peaceful lake,
While minstrel bands from shore to shore
  Their sweetest echoes wake.

III.

Bright shines the sun in Heaven's high dome,
  And, from the castle gate,
A glittering band of nobles come,
  In lordly pomp and state;

Oh! if on earth Elysium be
  With realms of perfect bliss,
'T is beauty, love, and chivalry,
  And scenes as bright as this.

SECOND EPOCH—THE VISIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I.

It is a scene of revelry,
  A flood of golden light;
The topmost tower, the lowliest bower
  Shine forth amid the night.
Mirth, music, gorgeous pageantry;
  Nought, nought is heard or seen,
But tells of Leicester's princely fête
  To England's maiden queen.

II.

Glad voices filled the charmed air
  Which make the hills resound,
The trumpet's silvery tones precede,
  The clarion's martial sound;
The noblest sons of Britain's isle
  Assemble on the green,
For Leicester 's lord of Kenilworth,
  And host of England's queen.

III.

On, on they come—Elizabeth
  In regal pomp arrayed,
With many a knight in breast-plate bright,
  And many a gem displayed:

The sun—he rose and sunk again
  On days—'twas seventeen—
But there still was mirth in Kenilworth
  To welcome England's queen.

THIRD EPOCH—THE RUIN.

I.

Is this the mighty banquet hall,
  Where erst the festive board was spread,
Where noble minds pledged health and life,
  To noble forms now lost and dead?
The raven's voice is only heard
  Where Bacchants' mirth was loud and gay,
The festive strain no more is stirred,—
  The forms that woke it—where are they?

II.

The roofless walls are ivy-clad,
  Stone after stone, from day to day,
Totters, and to the ruins add,
  In imperceptible decay.
Blank ruin frowns where beauty smiled;
  No more the ruby wine is poured;
The grass and weeds grow rank and wild
  Where once was spread the banquet board.

IV.

Yet memory loves to linger here,
Albeit 'tis a deserted spot,
'Till glorious past-scenes re-appear,
Reflected in the page of Scott:
Like those that oft in days gone by,
In this proud hall held sovereign sway;
But, for the lights of chivalry,
In vain the question—where are they?

1839.

STRATFORD ON AVON.

PART I.

IMPROMPTU AT SHAKSPERE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

I.

FROM the land where Goethe's mighty lyre
Its mystic music pours,
From far beyond the waves that wash
Columbia's far-off shores;
From the shining east—the glowing west,
The realms of night and morn,
Come pilgrims to the lowly spot
Where the mighty bard was born.

II.

Who that e'er visits English ground,
Whose mind breathes poesy,
Thrice favoured Stratford hath not found
His bosom yearn to thee?
For, from thy humble dwellings, forth
A mighty spell was hurled,
That in its potency has bound
An all-enraptured world.

III.

This humble roof gives ample proof
Of nature's holiest sway,
That genius like the lark must rise
Careering on its way;
The princely home—the palace dome,
Are things to laugh to scorn,
While a holy spell round the spot must dwell
Where the mighty bard was born.

PART II.

THE NEW PLACE—THE SITE OF THE HOUSE WHERE SHAKSPERE DIED.

I.

Here may the anxious stranger gaze
Where Shakspere passed his latter days,
Where last he lived and felt;
But, oh! th site alone remains,
Where he awoke th' impassioned strains,
Where last our Shakspere dwelt.

II.

What impious mind was that to see
Some ruthless hand hew down the tree,
He planted on the spot;—
What Goth the sacred walls could raze
Where Shakspere penned his classic plays,
That live while he's forgot.

III.

The man—in pity spare his name,
'Tis linked to everlasting shame,
"For Jesus' sake forbear;"
Think only here our Shakspere died,
To live again, his nation's pride,
A lasting crown to wear!

PART III.

STRATFORD CHURCH.

I.

LET me here an hour employ,
Here, where Shakspere, when a boy,
Felt that pure and holy feeling
First upon his senses stealing;
That in after-years he wrought
In honied phrases—beauty fraught.

II.

Here, perchance, he oft has knelt,
And the Almighty's power has felt,
The only power that e'er could bind
The workings of his master-mind;
The only power that could control
The inmost thinkings of the soul!

III.

Tablets rich in marbled pride,
From which the stranger turns aside,
Are here—the eye unconscious turns
From gilded crest and sculptured urns,
To, 'mid the humblest of the stones,
The one that rests o'er Shakspere's bones.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

I.

BENEATH Arabia's fiery skies,
  Far from the ocean's breezy shore
Bearing away the maid he loves,
  Young Alcar skims the desert o'er;
His courser, answering to his voice,
  In rapid flight speeds o'er the sand,
As faithful to the form he bears,
  As patriot to his native land!

II.

No water laves that arid plain;
  Soon will the gallant courser tire:
The fair young Irma droops her head,—
  Soon must the fugitives expire:
Young Alcar leaves his panting steed,
  And flies, to soothe her burning pain,
Despairing o'er the desert wild,
  Some lonely hidden spring to gain!

III.

And while, upon the scorching sand,
The Arab on through danger flies,
A brilliant, costly caravan,
Passes the spot where Irma lies;
The maiden—ah! too quickly won,
In joy with a young Moor departs,—
The courser waits his lord's return,
Nor faithless, like his Irma, starts.

IV.

Alcar to find the blessed spring
In futile efforts onward sped,
But faint and weary he returns,
To find his cherished Irma fled;
The steed alone his lord awaits,—
To show his joy the courser tries,
Neighs, when he sees his master's form,
And then beside the Arab—*dies.*

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER BEING PRESENT AT THE SOLEMN MASS CELEBRATED IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, LEAMINGTON, NOVEMBER 5th, 1844.

I WENT within the Church's porch, I stood before the shrine,
The worship it was strange to me—their creed it was not mine;
But I heard the solemn voice of prayer *in the language of the dead*,
And it seem'd as if my soul flew back to the days of ages fled.

I heard the solemn organ peal—its tones were sad and slow,
As down the isle in antique garb the priests went to and fro,
The misty incense through the church its silent influence shed,
As calm, sweet voices sung the dirge—the requiem for the dead.

And many a surpliced priest was there, in symbol'd gown arrayed,
And many a poor, yet fervent one, I saw, who knelt and prayed.

And some were there who seem'd to mock that shrine as earthly dross!
But though I knelt not in their creed, I bowed before the cross.

And then there was a solemn sight, and one that moved me more,
The priests took bread, and bless'd it, and gave it to the poor;
The aged and the suffering—the poor who went to pray,
Were *strengthened in their ancient faith* — nor went unbless'd away.

I went within the Church's porch—I stood before the shrine,
The worship it was strange to me—their creed it was not mine;
Yet saw I what the sternest mind the coldest heart could melt,
The poor who really loved and feared the shrine at which they knelt!

Nov. 5, 1844.

TO A FRIEND GOING ABROAD.

I.

FAREWELL to thee! when o'er the ocean
  Thou rov'st 'neath Gallia's sunny skies,
When with a deep and sweet emotion
  Fond thoughts of absent friends arise,
Think that of all who love thee dearly—
  And thou of many names may tell—
None can esteem thee more sincerely
  Than he who bids thee now farewell.

II.

Farewell! and when new friends surround thee,
  New forms are in thy heart enshrined,
Forget thou not the links that bound thee
  'Mid those who linger here behind;
Though warm may be the stranger's greeting,
  And bright the home where strangers dwell,
Remember every happy meeting
  That bless'd us ere we said—farewell.

III.

May Heaven's prosperous gales befriend thee
  In thy new home beyond the brine,
May honour guide, and joy attend thee,
  And peace, and health, and fame be thine;
May the bright hopes be never blighted
  That in thy sanguine bosom dwell;
May'st thou by fortune ne'er be slighted—
  May'st thou be happy—fare-thee-well!

1842

MASONIC ODE,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, GRAND MASTER OF FREEMASONS.

I.

Let our tears be shed o'er the funeral bed
Where our Prince, our Friend reposes,
For the darksome gloom of no royal tomb
His honoured corse encloses;
The free fresh air waves the branches there,
Let no false pride upbraid him;
He knew no state but the good and great,
And 'mid those he loved they've laid him

II.

The worldly fame, and the royal name,
May pass—we claim another;
In the *mystic band* he'll no more command—
We mourn him as a Brother!
May prayers ascend for our lov'd, lost friend,
From our Lodges' deep recesses,
In words of love to the lodge above,
And from hearts that fervour blesses!

III.

Though tears may fall o'er the funeral pall
Where his earthly course w s ended;
Far, far away shall the Mason pray,
For him who all befriended!
May our minds be *squared*, and our souls prepared,
Like his, in virtue *center'd*,
For the "*Lodge of Light*," in those regions bright,
Where we trust *his* spirit's enter'd!

1843.

THE POET'S WOOING.

How shall I woo thee? not with accents wild,
With feverish sighs, nor murmurings soft and mild;
Nor oaths, nor vows, easily made and broken,
Nor with bright gems—too earthly for love's token!
No—I would read to thee the burning lays
Of the old bard who wrote in love's young days.
The quaint romance—the heart-inspiring theme,
That, like the influence of some pleasant dream,
Wafts the lulled senses in some strange delight
Far above earth—to realms all pure and bright:
And I would tell thee how my boyhood caught
Fire from those olden lyrics, till it grew
Into a flame—a passion, beauty-fraught;
And I too struck the chords—and echo threw
My own wild lays, all worthless as they were,
Into the realms of song—or praise or blame to share!

Thus would I woo thee! and when fields were green,
And sunshine warm, and hedge-flowers blooming seen,
Wandering the path of some green lane along
There would I sing some strain of quiet song
By thee inspired—and thus our hearts should be,
Two hearts as one—and joined by poesy!

1844.

THE PAUPER ACTRESS.

(From the French of J. P. De'Béranger.)

I.

IT snows! it snows!—before the porch
An old, blind, woman comes to pray;
She begs for bread—behold her rags
That in the chilling breezes play;
To *feel* the porch of Notre Dame,
'Neath summer's sun, and winter's sky,
Alone, that sightless pauper comes,
Oh! let us give—in charity.

II.

Ah! know ye not that wither'd form,
In that pale visage can ye trace
The Idol of a people?—she
Whose smile and song made glad the place?
When youth in laughter or in tears
Delighted oft her form to see,
And owned its dreams of bliss to hear,—
Oh! let us give—in charity.

III.

Call back the gay theatre's glare,
Th' impassioned throng of former years;
E'en now the mimic scene is o'er,
They follow her with boisterous cheers;

They bear to those dazzling scenes
  The great, and gifted, only see,—
Too happy but to share her smiles:
  Now—let us give—in charity.

IV

What various arts combine to crown
  The vocal wonder of the day,
What crystals, bronzes, vases, gems,
  Tributes to genius round her lay!
What minstrels laud her—faithful to
  The wine of her prosperity!
The palace has its swallow's nest!
  Oh! let us give—in charity.

V.

And now she's blind! a malady,
  And sight, and voice, and *friends* are gone;
She begs, where thirty years ago
  Health, wealth, and fame were all her own.
The hand that gave with willing heart
  The mite that soften'd misery,
Has none to press it kindly now,
  Ah! let us give—in charity.

VI.

The cold's intense, her limbs are numbed;
  Oh wretched, wretched is her lot;
Her hands scarce feel her rosary
  'Mid all her sorrows unforgot:
Oh! if beneath so many griefs
  Her soul still bends to piety,
Strengthen the faith she rests in heaven
  By giving alms—in charity.

THE DYING POET.

I.

Yes! I know that I am dying
And that my spirit seems
In its utter darkness, sighing,
For the cloudless realm of dreams;
There's a voice above me singing
That I alone can hear,
And my soul would fain be winging
Its flight to that bright sphere!

II.

Do not mourn that I am dying,
Do not shed a tear for me,
O'er my grave, the night breeze sighing,
Should my only mourner be;
But, wouldst thou give a token
Of the love we used to share,
Let my themes by thee be spoken
And my spirit shall be there!

III.

And must I lose in dying
All the poet hoped of fame,
Shall my wreath—when wither'd lying
Shed no lustre o'er my name?

No—the lute I loved to cherish,
Still to thee—my land—belongs,
And my memory may not perish
While some loved one sings my songs.

1843.

SONNET.

TO BEAUTY.

I SAW a maiden when her beauties vied
With the young brightness of the blossom'd bough,
When the cool eastern breezes dash'd aside
The golden tresses from her snowy brow:
I saw her then a young and blooming bride,
And heard her breathe the solemn nuptial vow,
When with the chosen of her soul she stood
Before the altar of the great and good.

I saw her not till years had passed away;
Her golden tresses hung neglectedly
O'er her pale death-like form—grief and decay
Had blanch'd her cheek, and dimm'd her laughing eye.
Pause on the picture!—it is beauty's doom
To wither, fade, and moulder in the tomb!

1839.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

I GAZE upon a mournful throng—
A scene of grief and tears;
Another form is borne among
The tombs of other years:
And often from that deep, dark grave
They'll move the turf again,
When some may see the willow wave
O'er those who now remain!

She was a fair and gentle child,
All lightsome, blithe, and gay;
As beautiful as ever smiled
The roseate hours away;
But change with eagle-wing sweeps by,
And of each joyous scene,
There soon remains but memory—
The dream of what has been!

And thus will she they mourn upon
This consecrated spot
Be like each faded flowret gone,
Unnumbered and forgot;
And thus is life—a few brief years
Of passing joy and pain,
Of storm and sunshine, smiles and tears,
Then—all is dark again!

1834.

DO NOT DECEIVE ME

Do not deceive me—never
  Let a careless word or tone
Fall from thy lips, if ever
  Its truth thou would'st disown,
To thee my faith I've given,
  With the fervency of youth,
And my vows are vowed to heaven,
  Do not betray my truth
Do not deceive me—never
  Let thy heart inconstant be;
With a love that dare not sever
  Shall mine still cling to thee.

Do not deceive me—others
  Perchance may greet thy smile,
But a flame no coldness smothers,
  In my bosom burns the while.
Remember one, who'd only
  Thy first fond love retain,
Nor leave my bosom lonely,
  To sigh for thee in vain.
Do not deceive me—never
  Let thy heart inconstant be,
With a love that dare not sever,
  Shall mine still cling to thee.

A DIRGE

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT BROTHER.

FARE thee well! young brother,
  Calmly, coldly sleeping,
With thy gentle mother
  O'er thee wildly weeping!
She has lost another
  From her tender keeping!

How transient thy career
  On this weary earth was given,
As autumn flowers appear
  Ere their bloom hath thriven,
Which the wild winds sear,
  And untimely storms have riven!

The brightest things on earth,
  How short a time they stay
To mingle with our mirth,
  And glad our summer's day;
Then Heaven claims their birth,
  And bears them thus away!

And thou art gone, sweet boy,
  From this world of sorrow,
In which no transient joy
  Thou wert doom'd to borrow;
Its guilt cannot destroy
  The sunshine of *thy* morrow!

Fare thee well, young brother!
All around will mourn thee;
From thy gentle mother
Death's rude hand hath torn thee;
Heaven claims another,
And on high hath borne thee!

1834.

SONNET

TO * * *

I'll contemplate thy beauties,—thou
Art young, and gay, and passing fair,
With curling tresses—raven hair;
With flowing limbs and dove-like eyes;
Ruby lips whose balmy blisses,
Teem with rapture, love, and kisses.
Thy smiles an anchorite might prize:
Sweet smiles! no limner's hand could trace
Their beauties,—he 'd for ever dwell
Bound by their soul-enchanting spell;
Gazing on thee, and wondering at thy grace;
And yet, with all this loveliness—thy name
Beareth the brand of infamy and shame!

1833.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The corn is waving on the wind, the flowers are in their bloom,
And the morning air comes freshly o'er, and laden with perfume;
The sun is shining brightly on the happy peasant's cot,
And not a cloud is seen to dim the brightness of that spot;
The birds are singing on the bough their carols to the air—
It seems the dwelling place of peace devoid of ev'ry care.

A cloud of dust is seen afar, and armed men appear,
And sounds of martial music fall faintly on the ear,
And now is plainly seen beneath the sun's resplendent rays,
The banners and the glittering swords that brightly, fiercely blaze;
On, on they come, ten thousand men, but surely they come not,
With sword and spear and battle gear to stain so pure a spot.

They halt—that army hastily in columns and in squares,
To meet its fast approaching foes now rapidly prepares:
They come—the crash of war begins, and with terrific
might,
Till eve hath veiled the earth around, they boldly,
bravely fight.
'Tis morning, and the spot whereon the rip'ning corn
has stood,
Is desolate—the cottage hearth is dyed with human
blood.

1834.

ON DEATH.

Thou comest when the flowers
Of spring are on the ground;
'Mid winter's ice-crown'd towers,
Thus also art thou found;
A phantom amid pleasure,
Earth's fairest buds to blight,
To wrap hope's infant treasure
In everlasting night.

Thou dwellest by the fountain,
Thou lurkest in the air,
The valley—and the mountain—
Death, thou art every where!
All own alike thy power;—
The fruit, the flower, the tree,—
Each wither in an hour,
Subservient to thee.

1834.

THE BLIND POINTER.

Thou art blind, my old pointer, the broad light of day
Already is closed on thy coming decay,
But it ne'er shall be said of my trusty old friend,
Though his days may be numbered, I hastened his
end;
Still snug on my hearthrug shall "Ponto" be seen,
A glorious relic of days that have been;
He was stanch to his trust, and he never shall need
The honour that's due to the best of his breed.

Some years have flown by since at dawn of the day
With my dog and my gun I first hastened away;
We were soon at the stubbles, old "Ponto," and I
Impatiently waited your powers to try:
How matchless you proved, let the bags lined with
game,
To thy glory remembered by many, proclaim,
As at close of the day, with a heart filled with glee,
I trudged o'er the fields, my stanch pointer, with
thee.

But thy light hath departed, and now thou must yield
To another less cherished the joys of the field;

But though useless for sport, for thy faith and thy truth
I'll protect thee in age for thy service in youth.
Still whine at the gate till thy master appears,
And thou feelest the hand that caressed thee for years;
Thou wert true to the last, and thou never shalt need
The honour that 's due to the best of thy breed.

1840.

SONNET

MORNING TWILIGHT.

'Twas morn—the dew still glitter'd on the corn,
Like clustering pearls 'mid golden tresses worn
Upon the brow of beauty,—not a sta
Linger'd in heaven, tending Luna's car.
Nor had the sun dispell'd the dark'ning gloom
Which hovered round the violet's purple bloom;
While gentle zephyrs kiss'd each blossom there,
And wafted incense over flowrets fair.
Oh! happiest hour of Nature's sweet repose,
When beauty slumbers, and when sleeps the rose
'Twixt morn and moonlight,—when the world is bless'd—
When thought is idle and the soul's at rest:
Till earth awakens from her transient dream,
And universal light reigns all supreme.

1834

TO AGNES.

Agnes, why weepest thou?
  Wherefore that tear
Dimming thy sunny brow;
  Else bright and clear.
Why is thy youthful heart
  Once light and gay,
Sear'd by grief's keenest smart,
  Say, Agnes! say?

Once joy's spring-tide would flow
  Undisturbed there;
Thy heart should never know
  Sorrow nor care.
Thinkest thou, love, with tears
  Of joys long past?
'Twill not recall the year
  Time hath long cast.

Age, love! he stealeth on
  Swiftly, and all
Own his dominion,
  Wither and fall.
Agnes, why weepest thou?
  Wherefore thy fears;
Time will soon cloud thy brow;
  Banish thy fears.

TO ANN.

Often I 've met thee,
  But never till now,
Didst thou forget me,
  Forgetting thy vow;
Well, thou 'rt a rover,
  And light is thy heart—
One pang—'tis over,
  One tear—we part.

Lightly thou'st spoken
  Of me, but no more
Can vows be broken,
  My passion is o'er;
Think of me often,
  I 'll never reprove,
Thy heart may soften,
  It never can love.

1833.

DEATH SONG.

I.

MOURN for thy lover,
Rosabelle dear;
Darkness shall hover,
Over my bier;
Rosa, I'm dying;
One tear I crave,
When I am lying
In the cold grave.

II.

Flowers! spring flowers,
Damp with the dew;
In hope's bright hours
I culled for you.
Soon they were blighted,
Their fragrant breath,
Like our vows plighted,
Ended in death!

III.

Mourn for thy lover,
Whom nought can save,
Flowers strew over
His early grave.
Now I am dying,
My Rosabelle,
Life's pulse is flying,
Dearest, farewell!

THE EMIGRANT.

I AM far away from the sea-girt isle;
  I left with a joyous heart,
When the beaming eye and the heartless smile
  Saw the Emigrant depart.
I did not sigh as the ocean's foam
Bore me away from that happy home.

I did not sigh, though I left behind
  A peaceful and a tranquil spot,
Where ivy and woodbine boughs entwin'd
  Their shades o'er my greenwood cot.
They *told* me that I was sore oppress'd,
I sought in a foreign clime for rest.

I sought for a home beyond the wave;
  I sought an asylum here:
What shall I find but a foreign grave
  Unwept by friendship's tear.
And *now* I sigh for the quiet spot,
And think of the lowly *woodbine* cot.

I think of my own old home with tears;
  Each valley, each fertile hill;
I see them in dreams of my boyhood's years,
  In thought they are with me still.
A wandering outcast now I roam,
Exiled from England—my native home.

1834.

TO A LADY,

ON HEARING HER SING MRS. NORTON'S BEAUTIFUL BALLAD "LOVE NOT."

"Love not! love not!" can thy lips,
Where smiles were wont to play,
Bid sorrow all our joy eclipse,
And breathe that pensive lay?
Lady, I would not hear thee sing
That sad and plaintive strain,
Nay, brighter spells around thee fling,
Nor breathe *that* song again.

It cannot be that dark'ning care,
On one so young as thou,
The seal of sorrow and despair
Hath placed upon thy brow:
No, rather say some transient grief
The present hath o'ercast,
And seek in future joys relief,
But mourn not for the past!

Then, gentle lady, breathe no more
That sad and plaintive strain;
But all that round thee move, restore
To happiness again.
Let sunny smiles around thee play,
Call back thy wonted glee,
For when thou singest "Love not," say
Who could help loving thee!

1835.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
  Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
  That makes the heavens be mute."

COLERIDGE.

WHITHER, ah! whither, child of earth,
  Hath thy wond'rous spirit flown?
Vainly we list for each sound of mirth,
  Hushed is each sacred tone;
A sound o'er the breeze is borne along,
  Nearer, and sweeter yet,
'Tis but the echo of thy sweet song—
  Who can that strain forget?

'Tis but the echo—but, ah! the voice
  That wakened those plaintive tones,
That made every feeling and thought rejoice,
  Drew praise from the proudest thrones:
All silent now are those sounds of mirth,
  Like a lute whose strings are riven
For the *spirit of song*, too pure for earth,
  Hath flown to its sphere in heaven.

1836

THE REMONSTRANCE.

If you are for ever doubting,
If you thus my love revile,
If you are for ever pouting,
When I covet most your smile;
How can I be kind to you,
How can I believe you true?

What avails if fondly, truly,
I may act the lover's part,
If the tongue is thus unruly,
Where's the bond shall bind the heart?
Would I ne'er your lip had pressed,
Since my flame is thus suppressed.

When we see the spring flowers growing,
We can pluck their bloom away,
And another year comes strowing
Flowers as bright and fair as they;
But the heart once wrecked in vain
We try to raise its bloom again.

1836.

LYRICS.

LYRICS.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

I

"Household treasures! Household treasures
Are they jewels rich and rare;
Or gems of rarest workmanship;
Or gold and silver ware?"
Ask the mother as she gazes
On her little ones at play:
Household treasures!—Household treasures!
Happy children—ye are they.

II.

"Household treasures! Household treasures!
Are they on the painted walls,
Where o'er the highest works of art
The mellow twilight falls?"
Ask the Widow as she gazes
On the forms she views once more,
Are they pictures, household treasures?
'Tis of those we loved of yore!

III.

Household treasures! Household treasures!
How they cling around my heart,
With many a sad but soothing strain
That never can depart!
The dear old clock—the harp unstrung,
But most—the vacant chair!
Household treasures!—Household treasures!
Of our love we claim a share.

1844

SONG.

I.

Oh! sometimes think I once have met thee
When thy soul was pure and bright,
Nor deem, thou false one, I forget thee,
Now thou 'rt absent from my sight.
Though to love thee *now* were madness,
Yet thy smiles once *once* could be
The light of life—the ray of gladness,
The hope—the all of joy to me!

II.

Then go, deceiver, 'mid the splendour
Of the gay and courtly throng,
Thy new, false friends awhile may render
The Lethe-stream of mirth and song,
But, when thy dreams of bliss are over,
And mirth and song no more remain,
Then what shall give thee, heartless rover,
Thy peace of mind and home again?

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.—DUET.

(Set to Music by N. J. SPORLE.)

1st Voice.

"ANGELS' wings are hovering o'er them;
Seraphs guard their pillow now.
Say what visions pass before them;
Whence that smile that lights each brow?"

2d Voice.

"This their visioned thought it may be,
That they float in upper air;
Childhood's dreams. Oh! what must they be
If *ours* are sometimes bright and fair."

1st Voice.

"Who can tell the thoughts that cheer them,
When they, sleeping cherubs, smile?
Who can tell what spirits near them,
Mingling with their souls awhile?"

2nd Voice.

"Angels guard their visions solely;
This alone to us is given;
Childhood's hours are pure and holy,
And its dreams *must* be of heaven."

18‹1.

BEAUTIFUL TREES.

BEAUTIFUL trees!—beautiful trees!
Flinging their perfume on every breeze;
Spreading their branches high in the air,
Making the green earth more lovely and fair.
Heralds of brightness, what rapture they bring,
When their youthful beauties burst forth in the spring.
Earth were a desert; knew we not these,
Nature's bright coronels—beautiful trees!

II.

Beautiful trees!—beautiful trees!
Gems may be brighter, and flowrets may please;
Give me the trees when their branches are green,
Standing in majesty high o'er the scene.
How, where the bird rests his cloud-weary wing,
Countless in numbers around us they spring.
Earth had no glories; knew we not these
Time-honour'd—eloquent—beautiful trees!

MAY I LOVE THEE, HEBREW MAIDEN?

(Set to Music by Mr. James Perring.)

I.

May I love thee Hebrew maiden,
  With thy glossy raven hair,
And thy cheek with bloom o'erladen,
  And thy brow so matchless fair?
Will thy dark eye proudly glisten,
  While my passion's warmth I trace;
Wilt thou kindly, calmly listen,
  Maiden of the ancient race?

II.

No; that proud lip tells how vainly
  I may hope with thee to wed;
That dark brow, it speaks too plainly,
  All I feared and all I dread.
What a line of olden glory
  Mantling in thy veins I trace;
Pure as were thy grandsires hoary,
  Maiden of the ancient race.

III.

Fare thee well, proud Hebrew maiden,
Offspring of that hoary band,
Who went forth with sorrow laden
From Judea's stricken land :
Those high thoughts and olden feelings
Never from thy soul efface ;
They, like stars, have high revealings,
Maiden of the ancient race.

1844

FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, we may not meet
As we have met before,
Joy's flowers lie withered at our feet,
Hope beams for us no more.
The future has no cheering ray,
No sunshine of the soul,
To chase each coming cloud away,
And fate's dark hour control.

Farewell, my lips no other name
Will ever learn to bless,
My heart will throb for thee the same
Through all my deep distress :
For thee alone my earnest prayer,
My fondest wish will be,
Then, though it teach me to forget,
Think with a tear on me.

1837

SONG.

"He little knows me if he thinks I love jewels better than the flowers he used to bring me."

THE H—— FAMILY

I.

HE brings me costly treasures
  And pearls to deck my brow;
The cold world and its pleasures
  Are the themes he speaks of now.
But little joy they render,
  If they sparkle 'mid my tears:
Can the heart be won by splendour,
  That has loved in earlier years?

II.

Does he think my heart to fetter
  With pearls, or gold, or ring?
Does he deem I love them better
  Than the flowers he used to bring?
How little must he know me,
  If he thinks I *can* love more
The costly gems they show me,
  Than the simple flowers of yore.

BALLAD.

I.

OH! the days when we were happy, when we'd each a smiling brow,
When our home was but a cottage, and you had not fame as now;
Ere the world had learnt to know thee, ere they sought thy lyre to claim,
When you sung alone to please me, and you sought no other fame.

II.

Now, they tell me you're the idol of each fair and brilliant throng,
That the sweetest voices mingle but to echo forth your song;
Oh! do you not remember who first praised each sweet tone,
In the days when we were happy, and your songs were all mine own?

III.

Oh! the days when we were happy, yet why should I repine,
Though others may adore thee, and may worship at thy shrine;
'Tis a proud, a grateful feeling, and yet oft I sigh in vain,
For the days when we were happy, and our cottage home again!

HOLY GROUND.

I.

Not alone by the old grey towers,
Where the dim cathedral shadow lowers,
Not alone where the line they trace,
Points to the "consecrated place;"
Not alone where the churchman kneels,
Not where the solemn organ peals,
Not where the anthem's echoes sound,—
There are spots called—holy ground!

II.

Where heroes fallen in battle sleep
Where the sailor lies 'neath the surging deep,
Where the emigrant, in the forest wild,
Leaves the corse of his darling child.
Far away on the sun-burnt sod,
Where the exiled Christian kneels to God,
Distant far from the city's sound;
These spots are hallowed, and—holy ground!

Not alone where the willow waves
O'er sculptured urns and trophied graves,
Not alone where the sunbeams smile
Through the coloured panes of the cloistered aisle;
'Tis a sacred spot where in solemn prayer,
The mother kneels with her children fair,—
A spot 'neath the humblest roof-tree found;
"There tread lightly," 'tis holy ground.

THE MEN OF MERRY ENGLAND.

(Set to Music by Mr. Nelson.)

I.

Oh! the men of merry England they are valiant stout and bold;
They've manly hearts to guard the rights their fathers won of old;
They've sturdy frames to forge the arms that guard our native shore,
And stalwart limbs to wield them too, as Britons did of yore;
Though other lands are bright and fair, the one dear spot of earth,
A Briton proudly loves to own is that which gave him birth;
Go—'mid the sturdy peasant band—and tell me truly then
What nation boasts the happy homes of England's merry men?

II.

Oh! the men of merry England are our island's pride and boast,
They fill with stout and gallant hearts the ships that guard our coast,
And while we praise a Nelson as the hero of the seas,
We'll not forget *the men* who helped to gain the victories

The standard of our ocean-home the breeze still
proudly braves,
For never will a Briton yield the mastery of the waves;
Then shout ye for our sailors bold, and tell me truly
then
What nation boasts such gallant tars as England's
merry men?

III.

Oh! the men of merry England, they are loyal to
their Queen,
And long to guard the British fair their pride and boast
has been;
They never bow nor bend like slaves to those of high
degree,
But with the proudest in the land claim equal liberty.
Yes, anarchy's destructive band is driven from our
shore,
The people's equal laws and rights they ask, and
nothing more;
Then look around the world again, and tell me truly
then
What nation boasts the happy homes of England's
merry men?

1840.

THE ANCIENT BANQUET HALL.

(Set to Music by Mr. E. J. LODER.)

WITHIN the ancient Banquet Hall
The sounds are heard no more,
The mirth that shook the olden wall,
Of the merry men of yore;
The faithful band is broken now,
The last sleeps with the dead,
From maiden's cheek and gallant's brow
The light of life is fled.

Within that ancient Banquet Hall
The pictur'd form we trace,
That gem that quaint old carved wall
With many a lovely face;
They seem as sweetly smiling yet
In happy youthful glee;
They *seem* as those who now have met—
They *are* as those must be.

Yet in that ancient Banquet Hall,
Oh! let a pledge be given,
In mem'ry of the lov'd ones all,
Long pass'd from earth to heaven;
Though strangers lips the glass may kiss,
That pledge shall still recall
Some thoughts of the departed bliss
Of that old Banquet Hall.

1841

THE HOMES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

(Set to Music by Mr. JOHN BARNETT.)

OH! the homes of our ancestors, proudly they stand,
Those old Halls and Castles, the boast of our land;
That frown in their majesty high o'er the scene,
The glorious relics of days that have been;
They speak of the times when mirth, music, and song;
Was heard in their dwellings, and loved by the throng:
When valour and chivalry reigned in the land
Enthroned where the homes of our forefathers stand.

Oh! the homes of our ancestors, fallen to decay,
How many proud structures are mouldering away;
But splendid in ruins, a glory they shed,
Like the halo that beams round the beautiful dead;
Yes! I love those old halls where the bright day grows,
For sweet dreams of the past are engender'd by those;
Of the old days when chivalry reigned in the land,
Enthroned where the homes of our forefathers stand.

1841.

THE CHIMES.

(Set to Music by Mr. F. N. Crouch.)

The chimes! the chimes! the joyous chimes!
That had their birth in good old times,
That high in the steeple, to and fro
Have hung and swung, since—long ago!
When mass was said, and prayers were read,
Which incense wafted high o'erhead,—
Those by-past days when, history tells,
The people loved their sweet church bells!
Ring loud and long, ye joyous chimes,
And tell me tales of the good old times!

The chimes! the chimes! the Christmas chimes!
They ring as erst in olden times!
But, ah! for follies that rule the day,
A world of truth has passed away!
An age of faith, when men were good,
And simple, honest dealing stood;
Those days live but in dreary rhymes,
And in the sacred Christmas chimes!
Ring loud and long, ye joyous chimes,
And tell me of good old Christmas times!

The chimes! the chimes! the New Year's chimes!
That rung the old year out oft-times;

They joyously tell, in tones of mirth,
That Time has given a year to earth;
So what if the past be grey and hoar?
If sad, he can sorrow us then no more!
For we hope and trust in *better times*,
When we hear the joyous New Year's chimes!
Ring loud and long, ye glorious chimes,
And bring back some of the good old times!

THE WIDOW'S LOVE.

(Set to Music by Mr. F. N. Crouch.)

I.

They tell him that a widow's love
Is like the fading flower,
That sheds no soft perfume above,
And dies at sunset hour;
They little deem that widow's heart
Can aught of joy retain,
Or tender sympathies impart,
And fondly love again!

II.

I've twined sweet flow'rets for my hair,
The lily and the rose,—
A bridal chaplet, young and fair,
Shall on my brow repose;
Though every bud will fade away,
And never bloom again,
Far better thus is youth's decay,
Than living here in vain!

1833.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

(Set to Music by Mr. E. J. Loder.)

He slumbers in his old arm chair,
An aged man with silv'ry hair;
He hears a well-remembered strain,
And sees the forms of youth again;
And one sweet face remember'd well
Comes smiling through the flow'ry dell,
He clasps her hand—he holds it yet,—
They meet as when in youth they met:

He mingles with the merry throng,
He hears the rippling of the stream,
He strives to sing some olden song,
He wakes—'twas but an old man's dream.

The old man gazes round his chair!
What happy, living, forms are there?
In sportive mood and childish glee
They climb the aged grandsire's knee:
The old man greets them with a sigh;
They bring to mind the days gone by;
He deems his vision still is there,
Amid those forms so bright and fair.

"Alas!" he cries, "and must it be,
A few brief years on life's dark stream,
And they of childhood's hours shall see
Life's sweetest in—an old man's dream."

1840.

NO MORE.

(Set to Music by Mr. John Barnett.)

No more, no more—at those brief words
How many a tear will start,
How many sad, but thrilling chords,
That deeply touch the heart;
How many a scene of fond delight
That time will ne'er restore,
Like those sweet visions of the night
Bright, beauteous, but—no more.

No more, no more—that lute unstrung
Again it brings to mind,
Sweet songs that were as sweetly sung,
Still in my heart enshrined;
Too well that broken lute recalls
The pleasant sounds of yore,
As on the heart its echo falls,
And seems to breathe—no more.

No more, no more—when lips we loved
Are sealed in cold decay,
When faithful hearts, that friendship proved,
Long since have passed away,
Who has not felt the thrilling sound,
Deep in his bosom's core,
Nor sighed for all the sadness found
In those brief words—no more.

WORDS TO REMEMBER.

(Set to Music by Mr. Henry Smart.)

Words to remember are those that are spoken
From lips that are breathing the tones of the heart,
Cherish'd like vows that are not to be broken,
These from our memories ne'er should depart.
The voice of the stranger may charm for a season,
The song of the syren the moment may please,
But the words of a friend breathing caution and reason,
Words to remember and cherish are these.

Words to remember are those that are plighted
When young hearts are blending their earliest vows;
For hearts, like the flowers of spring, may be blighted,
And droop like the blossom that falls from the boughs.
But time cannot alter the voice of affection,
Though seasons may change both the flowers and the trees,
For faithful love's tones, amid joy or dejection,
Words to remember and cherish are these.

1841

THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

THE *joys* of youth—how soon alas
Their pleasant reign is o'er,
With childhood's happy days they pass,
Like them—return no more;
The frolic and the little jest,
The laughter loud and gay,
The thrilling hearts, the hopes that bless'd,
All—all are pass'd away.
Estranged from all we loved, we live
Through after years of pain,
Oh! what is there we would not give
For childhood's hours again?

The *friends* of youth—that careless band
Whose hearts seemed light and free,
Where are they now? alone I stand
Where they were wont to be:
And others now look coldly on
To fill the vacant scene,
But all the kindred hearts are gone,
They lived—loved—and *have been*.
I hear a stranger's voice repeat
Some well-remembered strain,
And then—oh! would I then could meet
The friends of youth again.

The *love* of youth—when friends are gone,
And joys have passed away,
Like some deep stream still wanders on,
Illumed by virtue's ray;
No passing grief, no transient care,
Can check its firm career;
In youth, the hearts that faithful were
Are still in age sincere.
'Tis love alone when all we see
Breathes misery and pain,
That brings, though but in memory,
The joys of youth again.

1837.

BALLAD.

I.

I bid thee farewell, and for ever!
Thy bright eye is moistened by tears;
When hearts once united thus sever,
The past like a vision appears.
A long night of woe is the morrow,
Encircled by misery's chain,
For hearts that are broken—from sorrow
Can never be lightened again.

II.

The vows I have plighted are broken,
I mourn o'er the wreck I have made;
The words that in kindness were spoken
On memory's tablet will fade.
A long night of woe is the morrow,
Encircled by misery's chain;
For hearts that are broken—from sorrow
Can never be lightened again

1833

THE RUINED TOWER.

(Set to Music by Mr. F. N. Crouch)

I.

Wreck of the past, thou dost stand no more,
In the stately pride of the days of yore;
Type of a dim, forgotten day,
What wert thou once, ere thou knew decay?
Whose was the banner once proudly seen
Where the ruin is crowned by the ivy green?
Whose were the footsteps that paced the hall,
Where the leaves of the alder, scattered, fall?
Whose was the arm of might and power
That ruled in the ruined moss-grown tower?

II.

Ages o'ercloud thee, home of the dead!
And many a legend hangs o'er thy head;
And the oldest have heard *their* fathers say,
They only knew thee a ruin grey.
They speak of the times when ghosts were seen,
And show the spot where a grave has been;
But little they deemed that a lover's bower
Was made of the lonely ruined tower.

III.

Oh! the ruined tower it stands alone,
With moss and ivy its walls o'ergrown;
And there the poet shall weave his spells,
While the breath of the past around him dwells,

Conjuring beings of brightness past,
In the dim, dull shadows around him cast;
Till the dreamy past in the gloom appears
In the fairy guise of departed years.
Oh! a spot to love at the moonlit hour,
A trysting place is the ruined tower.

1843.

THE GARLAND:

Call not roses in their bloom
Fit garland for the bride:
Strew them only o'er the tomb
Of those who early died;
They are emblems of our joys,
Of which we may not boast:
Fate, alas! their bloom destroys,
Just as we love them most.

Bring no wreath of summer flowers,
That blossom bright and gay,
And, with a few receding hours,
Are withering away:
Bring young buds, for they alone
Of future joys may tell;
Not a thought of seasons gone
I would with youth should dwell.

1837

SONG.

THOU hast scorned the heart that loved thee,
Thou hast broken every tie,
And thy false vow it hath proved thee
To be worthless as thy sigh!
When another came and saw thee
Thou hadst sworn my bride to be,
He'd but to kneel before thee,
And thy heart was lost to *me*.

Then he wooed and soon he won thee,
For he saw that thou wert fair;
Yet they tell me he doth shun thee,
And hath left thee to despair.
Oh! the thing that most we cherish
With a feeling of delight,
Like the frailest flower must perish,
By the winter's earliest blight.

And 'tis thus thou'st known the sadness
Of love's premature decay,
And art cast amidst thy gladness,
Like a faded flower away:
But my memory often traces,
When thou met'st with sunny brow,
Glad hearts and merry faces,
But where—where are they now?

Thou dost stand alone—forsaken
By all who held thee dear,
And thy sorrow scarce can waken
One tributary tear;
For even *he* hath left thee
A cold world's scorn to bear,
And of every joy bereft thee
Which thy heart once hoped to share.
1833.

DOST THOU REGRET.

I.

Dost thou regret those past and pleasant meetings,
Dost thou regret those scenes of young delight,
Dost thou regret those soft and tender greetings,
When first we met, our mutual vows to plight?
Years have rolled on, yet still we cling together,
Faithful and fondly as when first we met;
Then 'mid the storms, or mid the summer weather,
What e'er betide us, love, dost thou regret?

II.

Dost thou regret thy girlhood's happy hours,
Ere love's silk fetters had thy young heart bound?
Dost thou regret the path ay strewed with flowers,
O'er which thy fairy feet bright pleasaunce found?
No! by those smiles, a willing captive meets me,
Faithful and fondly as when first we met;
Thus, while a kind and gentle spirit greets me,
Thus am I answered, love—thou'lt ne'er regret.

THE OLD BARON'S DAUGHTER.

(Set to Music by Mr. F. Romer.)

The banners were waving on turret and wall,
And the tables were spread in the old Baron's hall,
The minstrel play'd loudly, and loud laughed each
guest,
And the castle re-echoed the song and the jest;
From highlands and lowlands were gathered that day
The knights and their ladies in costly array;
They came in their fullness of splendour and pride
For the old Baron's daughter was deck'd as a bride!

The old Baron's daughter—her raiment was gay,
But pale as the lily her features that day,
She sang not—she danced not—the Baron he frowned,
But the eyes of the maiden were fixed on the ground.
What bride for the groom was the maiden I ween
Should threescore and ten mate with sweet seventeen?
Cared she for his splendour, cared she for his pride,
Though the old Baron's daughter was deck'd as a bride!

The wedding was over, the banquet was spread!
"Come pledge me a bumper," the old Baron said.
The rich golden goblet he raised in the air,
But where was the bridegroom—the guests echo
"where!"
He had sunk on the couch, and their aid was in vain,
Alas! for the bridegroom he rose not again!
The maiden 's a lady of wealth, rank, and pride,
For the old Baron's daughter was deck'd as a bride.

1843.

WHERE ARE THE GEMS I GAVE THEE?*

I

WHERE are the gems I gave thee?
Which I circled on thy brow,—
They are taken from thy tresses,
Where another's cluster now.
But I little deemed you ever
Would cast them thus aside,
Or break the bonds that bound us,
To become another's bride.

II.

I have been to sunny places,
And I've mingled with the gay,
But my heart was ever near thee,
Though I wandered far away
No longer now it gladdens
At each old familiar strain,
For thy lute is hushed for ever
I may hear it not again

1833

* This and the following two ballads are incidental to an operetta, written (as the date will show) several years ago

WE MUST LOVE.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

I.

We must love, 'tis the soul's desire;
  Who loves not cannot happy be,
The dullest heart must feel its fire,
  The coldest eye some charmer see:
From lowly hut to loftiest tower,
  The song of nature soars above;
We own the witchery of its power
  And echoing answer— we must love!

II.

We must love in the spring of life
  The gentle one that gave us birth;
When reason dawns, and youth is rife
  With all the fairest things of earth;
And when old Time, with iron tongue,
  Youth's fancies will at last reprove,
Still, finding that the heart is young,
  We'll dying answer—we must love!

HE IS NOT THERE.

(From the French of Paul de Kock.)

I.

He is not there—I seek in vain to meet him;
  He is not there, who lingered by my side;
Vainly I hope—ah, vainly now to greet him,
  Joy may no longer in my soul abide:
      He is not there.

II.

He is not there—farewell ye earthly pleasures,
  Farewell ye pleasant scenes of young delight;
Farewell each hope the young and fond heart treasures;
  Farewell sweet days—farewell ye seasons bright,
      He is not there!

III.

He is not there, whom oft I soothed in anguish,
  When breathed I comfort to his troubled soul;
He is not there, who erst would sigh and languish,
  Nor own a pleasure I might not control;
      He is not there.

IV.

He is not there—some rival calls him "lover:"
  Love!—his false heart that feeling never knew!
Thou, who hast won my swain—thou 'lt soon discover
  Charmed by some fresher form—to thee untrue—
      He is not there!

BALLAD.

I.

I WILL not sing thee a song of sadness,
Nor tune my harp to a mournful strain,
Or dim for a time this scene of gladness,
But bid thee freely the wine-cup drain;
For why should the generous heart be throwing
His time to a tearful world away,
While thus in our bowl bright nectar 's flowing,
And the hours are flying so light and gay.

II.

If there are moments on earth we treasure,
Dearer than others—'tis such as these,
When every feeling is wrapped in pleasure,
Every sorrow from the bosom flees;
Then let not the generous heart be throwing
His time to a tearful world away,
While thus in the bowl bright nectar 's flowing,
And the hours are flying so light and gay.

1833.

THE CHILD OF THE DIVORCEE.

(Set to Music by Mr. Perry.)

They tell me I 've no mother now;
As though I ceased to feel
The burning blush, the blighted vow,
Their whispers half reveal;
They chide me if I breathe her name,
But can *they* ever be,
What, though the angry world may blame,
My mother was to me?

II.

I watch my father's anxious brow,
I meet his warm caress;
The thoughts that rend his bosom now
Too plainly I can guess;
He parts the tresses of my hair,
And, though I may have smiled,
He reads but deepest anguish there
Because I am her child.

II.

They strive 'mid fashion's glittering train
To banish all my care,
But memory calls her back again,
The first among them there:
Then chide not if I breathe her name;
For none can ever be,
What, though the angry world may blame,
My mother was to me.

1839

'TIS WHEN I SLUMBER.

(Set to Music by Mr. J. W. Read.)

I.

'T is when I slumber thine image steals o'er me,
Waking my soul from the calm of repose,
Bringing bright visions of beauty before me,
Thoughts that my lips are forbid to disclose
Dear are those visions my senses pervading,
When fancy is robed in her brightest array;
Oh! may they never from memory fading,
Chase from my heart thy loved image away.

II.

But if thy bright eyes so modestly beaming,
Lure the young heart they can ever control,
How can I wonder that thus in my dreaming,
They should combine to illumine my soul?
Thus may they ever, when slumber steals o'er me,
Gladden my heart in the hour of repose,
Bringing bright visions of beauty before me,
Thoughts that my lips are forbid to disclose.

TIME WILL SHOW.

I.

Ah! time will show!—yes, time will show
If the vows you breathe are true,
If all the joys I now forego
Be recompensed by you;
The present is rife with love and truth,
But the future—who may know?
In the sere of life, as in days of youth,
Will you love me?—time will show.

II.

You tell me they are happy hours
That we together share,
You praise my voice—you bring me flowers
To bind my flowing hair;
But should we live till age has turned
Those raven locks to snow,
Will your gaze be cold, *my* voice be spurned,
Will you love me?—time will show.

III.

Whate'er our lot in life may be
I have linked my fate with thine,
Whate'er of chance, or change we see,
Let thy weal or woe be mine:
For woman's faith and woman's truth
No change can undergo;
In the sear of life as in days of youth,
I shall love you—time will show.

1844.

THEY BID ME SMILE.

I.

They bid me smile as I have smiled
In happier years gone by;
They tell me I cannot recall
Lost pleasures by a sigh:
'The past has been a dream to me,
Of hopes undimmed by fear—
But, ah! I wake to solitude,
To grief, and bitter tears!

II.

They weep for me compassion's tear,
They grieve to hear my sighs,
But smiles *will* deck the brow of youth,
And joy light beauty's eyes.
Smile on, smile on, dear friends, kind friends
Whate'er my fate may be,
Your laughter and your pleasant mirth
Bring happier scenes to me.

Say, wouldst thou have the ruined halls
Attract the lightning's glare,
More vividly to show how lone,
How desolate they are?
Go, bid the raging sea be still,
The false be true awhile;
Bid love to stern ambition yield,
But do *not* bid me smile.

1839.

WE MUST NOT ALWAYS DREAM.

I.

No, we must not always dream
Of what may come to-morrow;
Wherefore should the present seem
To bear a hue of sorrow?
'T is enough when sorrow comes
With manly hearts to bear it,
But how light the burden falls
With one fond heart to share it.

II.

No, we must not always dream—
I hate your pale-eyed dreamer;
Rosy Joy come round us beam,
Old Care 's a silly schemer.
While we 've hearts to beat for us,
Or beaming eyes to greet us,
While we 've friends like these around,
Kind, faithful friends, to meet us.
We should never, never dream
Of what may come to-morrow;
Wherefore should the present seem
To bear a hue of sorrow.

1839.

WHY DOES THE MARINER LOVE THE SEA?—DUET.

(Set to Music by Mr. JOHN BARNETT.)

1st Voice.

OH! why does the mariner love the sea?
Why will he never rest?
Why does he ever sigh to be
Rocked on the billows' breast?
The wild waves sweep o'er the stormy deep,
There's danger where'er he may roam,
He knows not a friend to smile or weep,
Nor a spot where to make his home.

2d Voice.

Ah! *why* does the mariner love the sea?
Look up to the stars on high,
They are his guides—there are none can be
So true 'neath the open sky;
Look to the waves that around him roar,
That he cleaves and he leaves behind;
They are as true as the friends on shore,
Though they change with every wind.

Both.

Oh! why does the mariner love the deep?
There's a spell in the cloud-like sail,
Mirrored in moonlight on the deep,
Or bending before the gale.

1st Voice.

Yet, why does the mariner love the sea?
Where are his fruits—his flowers?
Where are the lonely spots where he
May rest in his weary hours?

2d Voice.

Oh! he hath the lone, mysterious deep,
The stars and the breezy cloud,
The dolphins that swim—the birds that sweep,
And the *thoughts* that upon him crowd.

Both.

Oh! the mariner loves the stormy sea,
His ship with her swelling sails;
Mirrored where moonlit shadows be,
Or bending before the gales!

THE WANDERING GIPSY.

I.

Oh! ask me not with thee to dwell,
 Within the city's crowded space:
My braided hair and sunburnt brow
 Were all unfit for such a place.
I am not fair like those who meet
 To mix in fashion's giddy whirl,
There I should sigh for fresh green fields,
 And you 'll forget your gipsy girl,
  Forget the wandering gipsy!

II.

I covet not your splendid halls,
 Where glittering gems with gems outvie;
Give me my home where freedom dwells,
 My tent beneath the open sky:
Some other soon will share thy heart,
 With fairer brow and waving curl,
My race may mate not with thine own,
 Then leave the wandering gipsy girl—
  Forget the wandering gipsy!

III.

But if upon some future day
 Perchance within the town I'm seen,
Thou shalt not see me sad as now;
 I'll bring my merry tambourine.
Then give to me a passing thought,
 As in the giddy dance I twirl,
And deem not all your city's wealth.
 Could tempt the wandering gipsy girl!
  Could tempt the wandering gipsy!

THE FALLEN PINE.

Thou art prostrate in the forest,
Thou art fallen, giant pine,
And the woodman's axe hath mangled
That old hoar trunk of thine;
In glory—as a monarch
'Twas thy lot to thrive and grow,
Ere the rude hand of the stranger
Came to lay thy branches low.
For the Indian bow was bended
When a hale green trunk was thine,
Ere the warriors of the forest
Were like thee, fallen pine!

A century ago—e'en then
Thou stoodst in all thy pride,
And Indian youths and maidens
Were gathered by thy side;
And the forest-children wondered
To see thee, giant pine,
They little deemed their race would be
Hewed down by man like thine.
When the Indian bow was bended,
And a hale green trunk was thine,
Ere the warriors of the forest
Were like thee, giant pine.

Thou art prostrate in the forest,
Thou art fallen, stately pine,
And they're cleaving root and branches
From that old deep wood of thine;

But thou still shalt live in story,
And be chronicled in rhyme,
For the honour and the glory
Of thy branches' leafy prime,
When the Indian bow was bended,
And a hale green trunk was thine,
Ere the warriors of the forest
Were like thee, fallen pine.

1842

INDIAN RELICS.

As a relic they show the Indian bow,
For the arms that strung it are buried low;
The Moccasins bound with scalp-locks round,
And the Indian relics scattered round.
Hang them up on your household walls,
Ye fear not now as a footstep falls;
They are but the trace of a former race,
Who sleep in their final resting-place.

There were none to save, and the corn-fields wave,
Where they plough up many an Indian's grave;
But the relics that bear the Indian's name,
Tell but tales of the white man's shame;
Records of blood and strife are they,
Of the painted brow and the savage fray,
And they leave the trace of a former race,
Who were swept away from their native place.

1842.

THE ENGLISH HARVEST HOME.

A STAVE, a merry English stave,
For English sons to hear,
Who'd seek from lands beyond the wave
For songs our souls to cheer:
While all around is fair and bright,
No theme, where'er I roam,
Can yield me half thy pure delight,
An English harvest home.

I'd never grudge the grain that falls
To rosy gleaners' lot,
Nor check the joy within the walls
Of peasants' lowly cot;
For merry 'tis in harvest time,
To ev'ry dweller there,—
Then reapers deem it not a crime
Some scattered ears to spare.

Oh! who can view the golden grain
In rick or garner now,
And pausing, in his heart refrain,
To cry, "God speed the plough."
The land's the people's birthright, where
Our sturdy peasants keep
An undisputed right to share
The crops they sow and reap.

Oh! Nature hath no fairer form
To charm the human breast,
That when the skies are bright and warm,
The fields with verdure dressed;
But yet we love without alloy,
When autumn's hues appear,
To contemplate with holy joy
The harvest of the year.

SONG.

'Tis past! I will not breathe thy name,
Love's fount for thee will cease to flow;
I would not mar the after-fame
That haply coming years may show:
Life's path hath many darkening fears
To dim the lustre of thy fame;
I would not strew that path with tears—
I never more will breathe thy name!

Farewell! it is enough to know
That I have loved, and loved thee well;
Shouldst thou a parting thought bestow,
Teach not thy spirit to rebel!
Forget me—and let after years
Speak proudly of thy wealth and fame;
Let not thy path be strewed with tears—
I never more will breathe thy name.

SHE IS DREAMING.

(Set to Music by Mr JOHN BARNETT.)

SHE is dreaming of her childhood,
  Though her hair is silvery grey,
Of the blossoms and the wild-wood
  Of her girlhood's happy day;
Of those well remembered faces
  That seem standing by her chair,
But she'll wake and find no traces
  Of her old companions there!

She is dreaming of her bower,
  And the fondly cherished strain,
Of her noon-tide's happy hour,
  It is greeting her again;
And one is standing near her
  Who was hers in joy and pride,
But she'll wake, and none may cheer her,
  For they all have left her side.

1843

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